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MERRY CHRISTMAS:

To the Readers of the New York Clipper.

Now a merry Christmas greeting,
And a year of pleasant meeting
To you, our readers, each and every one;
May the Island of Manhattan
Grow prosperous, and fatten,
Surrounded by the very Sea of Fun.

May you find good humor oiling
All the joints hard used in toiling
For the wherewithal to eat and drink and live;
May your humble home's rough rafter
Grow smoother with the laughter
That a good contented soul alone can give.

May the rich to-day remember
That the blasts of bleak December
'Gainst the poor man's slender door most harshly blow,
And from their great abundance
May they find enough redundance
To give something to relieve the weight of woe.

May the children's voices mingle
In the praise of good Kriss Kingle—
The saint who wins their love by nicest art—
As they see him, while they're sleeping,
Adown the chimney creeping,
May the saints that light their faces glad your heart.

May the author in his attic,
And our hard-worked friends dramatic,
Find music in the jolly Christmas chimes;
A music that shall soften
The cynic thoughts that often
Come unbidden to their hearts at other times.

May the turkeys and *et ceteras*
Not only fill but better us,
And make us more contented with our lot;
And may *not* the mirth uproarious,
That the pleasant hours fling o'er us,
In the sober days that follow be forgot.

May the ship for which you've waited
Come into port well freighted,
And may Happiness, our old friend, be the skipper.
So once more a Christmas greeting,
And a year of pleasant meeting,
And a health to all the readers of the CLIPPER.

CLAUDE NIGHT;

OR,

A BLACK MASK AND A WHITE FACE.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A RUFFIAN BUT NO SCHEMER—LORD CASTELFORT'S PLANS—HE IMPERSONATES CLAUDE NIGHT—THE EARL A BACCHANALIAN—GREEK MEETS GREEK—THE ROBBERS' PLOT.

The Earl of Castelfort was a ruffian, but he was no skilled schemer. His evil deeds were committed brutally and boldly, but with no art. Even now, with that important clue to so much mystery in his hand, he scarcely knew how to act or how to plot, so that he might take advantage of it. It was only latterly that he had discovered the disappearance of the cameo ring, and in spite of the frightful ill-treatment to which he had subjected his unfortunate wife in consequence, he had not been able to find out any trace of its whereabouts. Ethelind was proudly silent, in spite of his threats. That it was probably in the possession of the highwayman, Claude Night, his own fear, rather than intelligence, taught him; and it was this idea which led him to begin an active search after the means of communication which he felt certain subsisted between the Countess and the highwayman. This led him to watch the doings of Jezreel Heth. So far, his clumsy manœuvres had succeeded; he held in his hand a clue. But how he was to follow it up puzzled him. Brutal as he was, he so far understood his own nature as to feel that, unassisted, he was totally unfit to profit much by the position which a more acute intellect would have considered all powerful. The Duchess of Portsmouth was not a miserable old woman, to be bullied into giving him the information he required and then left with a dagger in her heart, or an ugly gash across her throat. She was a beautiful, clever woman, the favorite of the King, and even to offend her would be a daring act. The Earl thought over all this, as he sat in the churchyard, crouching under one of the tombs and watching the smoke cloud out from the burning hovel. What should he do? How act? Even if he could have consulted one of his ordinary advisers, it would have relieved him; but on that one subject concerning the secret of Claude Night and the cameo ring Lord Castelfort dared make no confidences. No; whatever he did, it must be on his own suggestion. For once, he must try and devise his own course of action. What connection the Duchess could have with the highwayman puzzled him to understand, but he concluded that, out of friendship to the Countess, she thus acted as medium, and being friendly to his wife, he decided it would not do for him to approach her openly. Besides, how account for the billet being in his possession, instead of Captain Night's, and the burnt cottage of Jezreel Heth? It happened to burst in bright flames at that moment, and with an oath the Earl arose from his uneasy crouching under the monument and hurried away in the direction of an inn where he knew he could find the quiet accomodation he just then required, and a messenger, if he should find one necessary. An idea had suddenly struck him, but it required some strong stimulant to utilize it, and the Earl felt a cup of brandy absolutely necessary. Such excellent effect, indeed, had the strong spirit, that two courses of action presented themselves to his gratified surprise. Both were dependent a great deal on chance for success, and neither were such as the Duchess of Portsmouth would have plotted; but the Earl of Castelfort considered them almost proudly. One—that which best suited his usual habits, but which he felt was the greater risk—was to despatch the billet to Claude Night, and then lie in wait for him as he came away from the interview at Portsmouth House, and rob and murder him. But then, Claude was a strong man, and, in an encounter with him, the Earl was not sure of his victory. Besides, after all, the Duchess might not give him the ring, and so, in a measure, it would be labor lost. The other plan was to play the part of Claude Night himself, and effect a meeting with the Duchess; and, after some hours over the brandy, he gave the preference to this. It took him a long time to decide how this was to be effected with any chance of success; but at length he contrived to work out a plan which appeared to him almost clever. Procuring some writing materials, he carefully wrote a reply to that note of Lady Portsmouth's, avoiding any allusions or expressions which might lead to the detection of the forgery, and which, if it effected its object, the Earl thought would make the rest of the scheme tolerably easy, though not without a certain amount of danger. In the fewest words possible, he informed her Grace of the receipt of her note, and the impossibility of his going to Portsmouth House; but he besought her, for the sake of the past, to which she herself alluded, to give him an interview at a small inn not far distant from Bounslow Heath. Events had occurred, he said, which rendered it too great a risk for him to venture into the metropolis. The Duchess once in his power in the lonely inn, he had no fear of getting possession of the ring. The consequences might be unpleasant, but of those, at present, he did not think. The question was, would Lady Portsmouth come? He took the precaution of requesting her to come disguised, and said he should do the same; and the time he named was late, so that he might take measures, if possible, to avoid any recognition of who he really was. But there his preparations ended, and he left the rest to fate. Making the best of his way back to London, he proceeded to one of his favorite haunts, and from thence despatched his daring epistle to the Duchess of Portsmouth, with orders to his messenger to await her Grace's reply. This done, he awaited the result with an equanimity which was the result of cross stupidity rather than philosophical indifference—his conscience equally untroubled by the deed of that morning, or the remembrance of another attempted crime, which at present was known only to himself and his victim. He smoked and he drank, and then, wearying of his own company, he descended to the common room, where he found amusement congenial to his tastes. It was in the midst of these nobleman-like occupations that he was suddenly disturbed by a whispered message that he was wanted by a tall gentleman in a large cloak.

One virtue Robert Castelfort could boast, at any rate—he could drink an enormous quantity of wine, or even spirits, without getting intoxicated. True, he grew more ferocious and brutal, but then his acquaintances were so accustomed to these qualities that they scarcely observed the matter of degree. He swore a volley of oaths at being disturbed from the delightful company of the tankard and the hostess' buxom daughter, who sat on his knee and sang him loose songs; but he obeyed the summons, perfectly capable of using the little intellect he possessed. The tall man was not difficult to recognize, though he apparently wished to preserve his incognito. Lord Castelfort knew Colonel Blood too well to have an instant's doubt, and his bloated features did not assume a more agreeable expression as he saw who it was.

"What in the fiend's name do you want now?" he exclaimed, flinging himself on a seat beside the table where the Colonel was already seated, with a stoup of claret before him. "I thought you were over the water."

"Then your lordship was rarely wide of the mark," replied Blood in the slightly scornful tone he usually spoke to Lord Castelfort in. "I had no intention of leaving one job unfinished to begin another."

Castelfort apparently understood the meaning, for he turned sharply round and looked him in the face.

"You don't mean that you are on that track again already?"

"Ay, and all prepared for to-morrow. Hark ye, Castelfort, the Duchess must be done by mid-day, and I come to tell you we must have another meeting to-night in that chamber of yours by the river."

"To-night! Why to-night?" exclaimed the Earl, sharply."

"Tut, man! and wherefore not? We can't set out on such a job without studying our parts, can we? There's Night and Mildmay knowing only half of the scheme now; and, somehow, I doubt me of the highwayman; he seems scarcely eager about it, and would, I believe, fain back out if he dared."

"By all the fiends he sha'n't do that, the white-livered scoundrel!"

"Tut, tut, man! Claude Night's not that—he's no coward! Rather, methinks, his objection is to your lordship's company."

Lord Castelfort started.

"He knows not our plot?" he exclaimed, quickly, and with a suspicious glance at Blood.

"Not through me, you may be sure; but I would counsel you to have a care in your operations. Night is no schoolboy in such affairs, and he may have learned your intentions."

Again the nobleman looked with a suspicious glance at the tall Irishman. Comrades they might be—accomplices also; but there was no love between them—no trust. Castelfort knew Blood despised him, and Blood was perfectly aware that the Earl distrusted him.

"Hark ye, Colonel, at length said Lord Castelford, his ferocity getting the better of his usual respect for the unscrupulous and powerful villain; "if you play me false about this fellow after all your oaths, by all the fiends, instead of running my sword through him, I'll do it through you!"

"Hush!" answered the Colonel, coolly; "I take your threats for what they're worth, my lord, but don't go and shout in that way. I would not have my plot ruined now for a kingdom. Then, to-night, at the stroke of twelve, at the usual rendezvous."

He rose as he spoke with that assumption of superiority which galled the ruffianly nobleman intensely; and, as if utterly indifferent to his anger or pleasure, turned and quickly left the room.

"Curse him!" muttered the Earl; "but let me be rid of Night and he shall rue it. By all the fiends!" he added, in a musing tone, as he leaned his head on his hand, and an idea slowly crossed his mind; "after all, methinks I have been too gentle, for once. The fellow might have gone to his own rendezvous, and I could still have secured the ring, for he would scarcely have time to go anywhere between his meeting with us and the interview with the Duchess."

But it was too late now to make alterations in his scheme, for, at that moment, his messenger returned, bearing an answer from the stately Henrietta of Portsmouth. Her Grace absolutely complied with his request! Ah! if the Earl had but known the character of the woman he would have been even more surprised than he was. He would have been also more suspicious of such wondrous condescension—more distrustful.

CHAPTER L.

A DISMAL RENDEZVOUS—THE EARL AND THE DUCHESS—A STRANGE INTERVIEW—THE POISONED CUP—THE CAMEO RING—CLAUDE NIGHT'S BIRTHRIGHT.

The hour named for this momentous and strange interview was eight o'clock. It was necessary to give the lady time to accomplish the distance between her own residence and the inn near Hounslow; and the Earl had his reasons for desiring to push the meeting as far into the night as he possibly could. It was cold, but fine, and the winter had hitherto not been severe enough to make the roads disagreeable; and so, as Lord Castelfort stood completing his disguise, and waiting for the hour to strike, he congratulated himself that nothing was likely to occur on the way to prevent the Duchess from punctually keeping her appointment. And, perhaps, equally anxious with the Earl to have the interview safely and successfully ended, the beautiful Duchess was endeavoring to do this. With a visor protecting her handsome face, she was hastening along the moonlit road, with her arm clasping the youth Hubert, who acted as her escort; and ever and anon urging him to hurry the strong horse to its greatest speed. For the stately, haughty court lady to condescend to ride out in this manner to a secret meeting with a man of such repute as was Claude Night, witnessed strongly enough to her fear of him, whatever her own words might do. Yes, Henrietta of Portsmouth did fear her former lover! Why, she scarcely knew; but, somehow, she dreaded Claude Night more than any man on the face of the earth; and proof as she was against superstitious fancies, in his regard she was superstitious. Struggle as she would, she could not get rid of the idea that, somehow, her fate was mysteriously linked with his, and that on him would depend her safety, good fortune, nay, life itself. Still, though this fear kept like a pale ghost ever at her side, the proud, determined woman would not yield to it. No, she would fight to the end—she would wrestle with this evil influence, and do her utmost to overthrow it, even should it necessitate the committal of another conscience-haunting crime. When she so willingly acceded to the proposal of the Earl of Castelfort she had quite determined on her own course, and she came resolved to carry it out at any cost. The absolute possession of the ring she cared not for, but that Claude Night should retain it in his, besides the possession of that *dark secret* which he had learned so mysteriously, she vowed solemnly should never be so, never! Firmly resolved on this, but with a strange thrill at her heart, she looked anxiously up at the out of the way inn, as Hubert reigned in the steed before the "Golden Star" and shouted for some one to come to his assistance. A more deserted, lonely, comfortless place than the tumble-down little hostel looked it would have been difficult to find, and the Duchess, in spite of herself, surveyed it with a shiver. All was silent—all was dark.

"Art sure this is the place, Hubert?" exclaimed the Duchess, as, having managed to dismount with the page's aid, she stood waiting for the appearance of some living creature.

"See, there's the sign, your Grace; methinks, however, the star must have burnt itself out, for there's not a ray of light anywhere."

At that instant a door opened, and then a gleam of light appeared, and to the satisfaction of the page, if not the Duchess, a voice from within bade them enter. Lady Portsmouth was naturally fearless, but it must be confessed this reception was so different from what she had expected, knowing Claude Night's courtesy and gallantry, that she felt a sudden thrill at her heart at the idea of entering alone that dark, silent place. Still, without any appearance of hesitation, she turned, and, ordering the page to remain with the horse, advanced towards the open door. One reassuring thought was hers—she was not unarmed.

"Enter, madam, and pardon this miserable manner of receiving you," said a voice in so low a tone that she could just distinguish it as a man's and that was all.

Then the door was closed behind her and she found herself in all but darkness, for the faint crimson glow of some burning logs, in a large fireplace, was not sufficient to illuminate more than a few yards in front of it. As her eyes grew more accustomed to the darkness, however, she dimly distinguished the four planked walls of a kind of shed and the outlines of two chairs and a table.

"Your reception is certainly rather cold and cheerless Claude," she said in her softest tones, for, somehow, the strange fear increased rather than diminished, and she had a vague feeling that something was wrong.

"I dare not let it be otherwise," answered the low voice of the cloaked figure seated opposite to her. "I am even now in momentary expectation of being disturbed. I am being hunted like a wild beast. Speak low, I entreat you."

The Duchess moved a little uneasily.

"Methinks this is rather strange, Claude. You came boldly enough into the King's presence not twenty-four hours ago! You were fearless enough then!"

"Twenty-four hours in the life of a highwayman is time enough for anything. But we waste the precious moments; our object in meeting was——"

"Faith, Claude, you are scarcely gallant!" interrupted Lady Portsmouth, throwing back the mantle and uncovering her face, with, perhaps, the hope of some ray of the crimson glow lighting up her magnificent beauty and aiding her cause. "I relent—I yield in a way I have never done to any man! I come to meet you at your request and then you refuse me even a gallant word or a kind look! Methinks you have forgotten the past, indeed! Ay, more than this fierce, passionate heart of mine!"

The musical voice rang clearly through the darkness, in spite of the Earl's request. Lord Castelfort was puzzled. He knew that the Duchess' morality was of the stamp most in vogue; but he was not intimate enough with her private history to make this personification of one of her former lovers easy, and of anything like refined gallantry he knew nothing.

Could the beautiful eyes of Henrietta of Portsmouth have seen under the mask, she would have seen an expression of determined ferocity take the place of bewilderment. The Earl began to fear he had undertaken a part in which he would fail; but he was determined that, come what would, he would get possession of the ring.

"The past!" he said. "To what good should I think of that?" Henrietta sighed.

"True; to no good, perchance; but ——"

"But what?"

"You are strange, indeed, Claude Night!"

"How strange? What mean you? Can you expect a man who is in fear of his life every instant to talk like a Court gallant?"

"Claude Night used never to be *in fear* of his life."

The Earl drew back. Had she discovered, then, the deception? Did she mean that she knew it was not Claude Night to whom she was speaking? He gave a hurried glance round the dark place. At any rate she was in his power; and strong though she might be, she was but a woman! And meanwhile a strange coldness was at the heart of the scheming Duchess. That all this was unnatural, she had seen from the first moment of setting foot within the dark shed; but, with all her acuteness, she had not discovered the deception. That she spoke to the highwayman she believed; that it was his cloaked, disguised form which she just dimly saw in the crimson glow, she also believed; but it was Claude Night changed, indeed—Claude Night, the guilty woman felt persuaded, bent on vengeance. Bitterly did she regret her foolhardiness in trusting herself thus alone in the power of a man from whose generosity she had so little right to expect anything. It was too late, however, for regrets; and with her usual self-possession she felt the necessity of more than ordinary courage and calmness.

"Well," at length she said, breaking the silence which somehow seemed to press uneasily on her, "I will not weary you with my undesired presence. Methinks Henrietta of Portsmouth has little need to force her company on any one. We will, so please you, Master Night, proceed to business."

This entirely suited the puzzled ruffian's views, and he answered quickly, but in the same low tone, "In truth, time is flying—your Grace is right." The answer again seemed to strike the Court beauty as odd from the usually courteous lips of her former lover, but she only glanced anxiously round at the gloomy walls.

"Can we not have more light? By our Lady, I can scarcely distinguish the cameo, and——" She hesitated a moment, then laughing half scornfully, half merrily, she added, "In faith, Master Night, I cannot say much for your entertainment. You receive me in darkness, and e'en offer me not a cup of burgundy!"

"In the matter of light your Grace must hold me excused. In the first place, I could not procure it; and in the second, for my own safety, I dare not, for fear of prowlers; but if it please your ladyship to drink a stoup of claret I have it close at hand, and will set it before you in an instant."

"Then prithee do. The ride was cold, and in a moment I must again face the night wind."

The Earl rose a little reluctantly, and not without a suspicion that this was some ruse on the Duchess' part, and going to a corner, returned with the remains of a bottle of burgundy, and a couple of large, rather coarse looking drinking glasses. He was intently listening all the time he did this for the slightest movement on the part of his visitor. But she was quiet as a statue. He heard nothing—saw nothing.

"There, madam!" he said, pouring some of the excellent wine into one of the cups, and presenting it to her. "'Tis not served in the style your Grace is probably accustomed to, but it is an excellent vintage, and would not disgrace your own table."

"I thank you, Master Night, but will you not join me? Methinks it is not the first time we have drank together!"

"Nor will it be the last!" was the Earl's hoarse reply. "But—"

He started, and then his evil fate assisting the bold hearted Duchess, he half advanced towards the door. 'Twas but a moment, but swift as lightning that small jewelled hand had passed over the cup from which he was about to drink.

"Tut, Claude," exclaimed her sweet voice; "it was but the tramp of my own good horse along the road."

The Earl returned, muttering, "Methought I heard several." Then, taking up the cup, he raised it to his lips and drank.

"In truth, most excellent wine!" said the satisfied schemer, setting her own untasted beside her. "This is a better place than it looks if it can boast such liquor; but I see you are in no humor for either good cheer or good company, so let's to business. You want the rings?"

"Methought that was understood?"

"And——"

"And what?"

"Ah, nothing—nothing! We shall meet again, perchance, and then I will ask it. There—take these trinkets, Claude; and if you can believe me less heartless, less faithless, than you did last night——"

As she spoke, Henrietta of Portsmouth slipped the two cameos from her finger, and placed them on the table before the supposed Claude Night, and then without waiting for word or movement from him, she rose and walked hastily to the door. Not a little thankful was she to find herself in safety in the clear night air, with that monotonous interview successfully ended.

"Ah," she murmured, half aloud, as she waited for Hubert to bring up the horse, "you have got these mysterious rings; but the history of their getting and losing—the secret, too, of Henrietta of Portsmouth—will *never* be told by your lips to any one! We are quits, Claude Night!"

And, meanwhile, within the dark shed, over the glowing logs, knelt the dupe and duper, examining those little golden circlets with fiendish exultation.

"Mine! mine! Ethelind for once is vanquished; Claude Night's birthright is gone for ever!"

Was it a weird laugh which startled him, or only the clatter of horses' hoofs along the frosty road?

CHAPTER LI.

THE PLOTTERS AGAIN—STEALING A CROWN—VISITING THE TOWER—THE REGALIA AND JEWELS—A GLITTERING BOOTY—THE ONSLAUGHT—FAILURE.

'Twas past midnight; and in the room in which the old nurse Phyllis had been so brutally murdered, an excited group of masked men were seated round the table. The olive hued individual was absent. Most of the party had cloaks intended to conceal their dress as much as possible; but few of them seemed careful to keep them on, and the various styles of costume displayed betokened a strong mixture of ranks. As in the former meeting, as soon as the bell struck the half hour most of the group rose and prepared to depart, and in a few seconds the room only contained three persons, who, immediately unmasking, showed themselves to be Colonel Blood, Claude Night and Eustace Mildmay, a young man of good family, who, having got into some trouble, and being forced to leave the army, had taken to the company of highwaymen and such individuals as surrounded persons of Blood's description.

"Castelfort is not here, then?" exclaimed this person.

"I doubted him!" Blood exclaimed, fiercely. "I thought the cowardly bully would fail us at the last moment, and we are few enough now for the job."

"Few enough, in truth, howsoever much you may drug the wardens! I warned you, Blood, we had not hands enough."

But at that moment the door opened, and in walked the Earl of Castelfort. He was unmasked, and, as he approached the lights and threw himself gasping on to a chair, it was visible to all that something unusual had happened to him. Deadly white, and with an expression of agony about the eyes, his countenance was absolutely ghastly to behold. Still he endeavored to affect his usual manner, and in a thick, but steady voice, said he knew he was late, but he had not been able to help it.

"By St. Patrick, man! you look as if you had seen a ghost!" Blood exclaimed. "Where hast come from?"

"From performing my own business, with which I require no interference!" returned the nobleman, savagely; and clenching his hand as he spoke, as if in some great torture.

"Marry, and no one wants to, for the matter of that! The Castelfort business is never very fascinating or cleanly; but, methinks, you look scarcely in trim for a rough skirmish with the keepers of the crown!"

Blood evidently intended this as facetiousness; but somehow his hearers were not in the humor to appreciate it, and the Earl only made a savage noise, between an oath and a groan.

"I thought your plot was ready," at length he said, pushing his chair to the table, and leaning his arms on it to support his head.

"All is ready; it has only to be carried out."

"And when?"

"To-morrow. There are the disguises—there are the few little instruments we may require to get at the baubles—there is the drug for the warder's wine—and here are the men! Call you not that readiness?"

"You seem in high feather!"

"I feel sure of success, if but ordinary luck attends us; and if it does not——" He paused.

"We are sure of getting off," put in Mildmay. "Our secret allies are too powerful!"

Blood looked sharply around.

"Tut, man, have a care! Walls may have ears!" And he gave a look at the Earl, and then at the spot from which, at the last meeting, the unfortunate old nurse had been dragged, and there ruthlessly murdered. "But bring out the brandy, and let's proceed to understand our different parts. I know not whether some false fiend deceives me, but I have a presentiment that this deed of ours to-morrow will be one to stamp itself on history's page! In truth, gentlemen, many have fought for a crown, but few have tried to *steal* it!"

But we have no intention of minutely detailing all the plotting which this remarkable and daring act, having for its object the robbery of the crown jewels from the Tower, necessarily entailed. Our readers will prefer following the more exciting accounts of the results, than wearily wading through pages of discussion as to ways and means, only interlaced with jests, which are now too coarse even to excite a laugh, and oaths which would make even the profane turn away with disgust. Blood, the soul of the enterprise, had carefully gathered all the information he could; and the plot, which had been sometimes enthusiastically entertained by parties in power, and at others considered too desperate, now wore an aspect of feasibility which certainly did credit to his skill. Over the punch bowl the enthusiasm of the plotters rose high; and at length, what with the eloquent discourse of the Hibernian, and the exhilarating effects of the spirituous mixture, not one of the four plotters but felt they were bound on an enterprise which belonged to the heroic.

* * *

The sun shone brightly down on city and river, and the busy burghers were already far advanced in their day's business, when a couple of tall cavaliers strolled down to the water, and, entering a gaily decorated barge, pushed off. Had they been closely observed, it would have been seen that, almost at the same moment, a small boat also pushed off from another part; and, following quickly in their track, brought them two companions, one an apparently aged man, dressed in a scholarly fashion; the other a fair, simple looking youth, apparently the pupil of the old man. Then, slowly making their way along their shining watery path, they went to within a certain distance of the Tower; and there quitting the barge, proceeded on foot in the direction of the gate known as the Iron Gate. Though apparently a pleasure-seeking party they were very silent; and, until they reached the very precincts of the fortress, not one of them uttered a word. Then, however, the actors began; and Mildmay, in the character of the youthful student, leaning on his tutor's arm, made loud observations on the building, which he appeared to survey with wondering interest. Meanwhile, the elder of the cavaliers presented the pass to the warder; and, ordering him to convey a written paper to the Lieutenant, told him that they were a party of strangers, who had come to see the marvels of the Tower. All the written part of the business had been cleverly executed; and without any demur the four plotters were admitted within the gates, and civilly shown into a small apartment belonging to the warder, whilst the message was conveyed to Sir John Robinson. Fate favored them; the Lieutenant, being afflicted with a severe fit of gout, was in no humor to examine anything suspiciously; and recognizing, as he believed, the signature of a nobleman in power, he unhesitatingly gave the order to show the gentlemen what they desired. The learned doctor especially was to be permitted to examine those suits of armor in the horse armory, which the latter said was the chief object of this visit. And meanwhile the party were commencing operations. Col. Blood, recognizing in the warder a man of whose history he knew something, immediately claimed his acquaintance, professing to have known him in youth; and then, insisting on drinking a cup with him, contrived to effect the drugging of not only him, but of three others who, attracted by the jollity, joined the company in the snug little room. So far, things were satisfactory; but Blood was the only one of the four who seemed thoroughly at his ease, and more than once he gave fierce, uneasy glances at his companions. Somehow, this man seemed to have linked his credit to the enterprise, and his whole soul seemed concerned in its success.

"Most excellent canary, Master Philipson, in good truth!" he exclaimed; as, thinking the drugging feat satisfactorily performed, and that it was time to attend to the more dangerous part of the enterprise, he rose from his seat, having shook the plume of his hat; "but time is getting on, and our good doctor here is apt to linger over archæological rarities! What say you, Master Roger, shall we be moving?"

Castelfort rose with the slowness of age, and, perhaps, veritable pain, for his face was still ghastly in spite of disguises.

"When you will, Sir Geoffrey. In truth, we have drank enough."

"And do your worships only care for the armor?" exclaimed the warder, producing a massive bunch of keys, and preparing to lead the way to that part of the Tower in which the horse armory was situated. "There are many curious chambers, and the royal jewels are, to my thinking, prettier to see than all the rusty armor in the world!"

"Ay, and to mine, too," responded Claude, rousing, and evidently feeling that, in justice to Blood, it was time he took some active share in leading on the plot. "We'll have a sight at the baubles after Master Roger has studied the armor; and then, perchance, we may visit the chamber where the young princes were murdered by the hunchback; also the prison of the fair Jane Grey; and after that, excellent Master Philipson, I'll warrant me we shall all feel dry enough for a cup of claret or canary again."

"Ay, ay, gentlemen! Well then, please to follow. It's possible! Bring the keys of the Regalia!"

Blood gave a disappointed glance at Claude, as, after a minute's waiting, the old man's summons was obeyed by a powerful young warder, who, handing the keys to the elder, joined the party. Still, they were four to two! The additional danger seemed to act differently on Claude Night; to Blood, however, it gave a zest to the expedition. Robbery was not sufficiently attractive in itself to the nature of Captain Night, highwayman though he was, to make him enthusiastic in it, unless spurred on by the excitement of actual danger. Hitherto, the mystery and secrecy, combined with the secondary part he played, had prevented him taking very much interest in this really daring enterprise; but now that he was actually engaged in it with, he saw, a good chance of not only failing but losing his liberty also, his spirits rose, and not Blood himself was more eager than he, as he followed the two warders along the dark passages of the fortress towards the part which contained the superb booty. Blood was evidently growing gloomily anxious, as he was wont to do when intensely excited; and on Claude fell the duty of making light remarks, which might engage the attention of their companions, and ward off suspicion; and he played his part so well that more than once the men's laughter made the gloomy place echo again. In this way they contrived to pass through the armory, and at length, to the satisfaction of all four, reached the room which contained the crown jewels. It was secured by an iron door and ponderous bolts, and padlocked; but the warder, still chattering unsuspiciously with his merry, and apparently honest, companions, soon unfastened all these, and pushing it open exclaimed, "A goodly sight that, my masters!" Blazing on stands of crimson velvet appeared the regalia of England, the royal crown, the sceptre, the globes, regles, &c., all so rich and magnificent that for a moment even the robbers stood almost dazzled.

"Splendid!" muttered Night.

"A pretty sight in truth!" said Castelfort, his eyes lighting up with a fierce glow.

Blood had not spoken, but suddenly raising his arm, the appointed sign, he seized the dagger which he had concealed under his cloak, and springing on the unfortunate young warder, buried it to the hilt in his side. Meanwhile, Castelfort had leapt like a ferocious tiger on the old man, and was about to follow the example of the Colonel, when Claude seized his arm.

"Not murder in cold blood, villain!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper, and at the same time forcing the warder down, and gagging him.

"Death!" exclaimed the Earl; but Blood was on him before he could say another word.

"Peace, fool! or I bury my sword in your entrails! Seize the crown! Leave me to deal with the man! Hist! I hear a footstep. For your lives, hasten!"

He was leaning on the chest of the prostrate old man, as he spoke, with all his might; but as he said the last words, he turned to push to the door, and the warder, making a desperate effort, raised a shout.

"Silence, madman! or, by the fiend, I'll treat you as I have your fellow!" Blood muttered, seizing him by the throat, and forcibly holding him, whilst the other three robbers, with the help of their instruments, possessed themselves of the blazing regal jewels.

"For your lives, hasten! I hear steps; that shout must have reached the guard."

"Three minutes, and we are clear," Claude exclaimed.

Blood looked round in agony. His acute ear still heard distant, but approaching, steps.

"Hark!" he exclaimed. "They are on us! No time for mercy!" Lifting his ponderous fist, he gave the man he held a crushing

MARK SMITH. MANAGER AND ACTOR. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

blow on the head, which rendered him senseless, and sprang to his feet, with his sword drawn.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1866.

NOTICE.

To Subscribers and Advertisers.

As a standing and general answer to the many correspondents who write us for information on these subjects, we beg leave to submit the following rates:—

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Single Copy	10 cents	Subscription per annum	$5 00
To Wholesale Dealers	6½ "	" for 6 months	2 50
To Retail Agents	7 "	" for 3 months	1 25

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

ADVERTISING.—Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week. Communications, to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible. As the business of the CLIPPER is conducted on the CASH principle, payment in advance for both subscription and advertising is insisted upon. All letters and communications for any and every department of this paper must, to insure attention, be addressed only to FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor, 22 Spruce street, New York.

To Correspondents.

COPPER, Houghton, Mich.—"A cribbage, A plays a 2, B a 3, and A a 4, taking a sequence of 3. B then plays a 9, and A a 2, claiming a sequence of 3. Would A have the right to his claim, or does a sequence, when broken, commence with the last card played on the old; or do you have to commence the new sequence with the next card played? Can you take a sequence from the second card played in a pair? For instance, A plays a 4, B a 4, A a 3 and B a 2, and claims a sequence of 3. Is he right?".....The sequence is properly made in both cases.

F. E. M., Boston.—We should prefer not to advise you on the subject, for if you should fail in the show business—and the chances are ten to one that you would at present—you might censure us for so doing. The show business is the worst in the world for an inexperienced person to get into. The times are out of joint just now, and it takes the most experienced of showmen to make both ends meet.

OLD DOMINION, Philadelphia.—1. We never heard of an elephant by that name. 2. Tippo Saib is probably the largest elephant at present in this country. 3. Romeo, the performing elephant, now with Forepaugh's Circus, is the same that traveled with the Sand's Circus years ago. 4. Tippo Saib is wintering at Connellsville, Ind. 5. The greater portion of the Van Amburgh collection is at present in this city, at Barnum's.

BUMBY, Baltimore, Md.—1. 12 feet 5 inches is the best authenticated standing jump, by Norman P. Bortle, in a match against Robt. Way at Olean, N. Y., Oct., 1866. 2. *Bell's Life* states that J. Howard jumped 20 feet 7 inches, a running leap, May 1, 1854, at Lancaster, Eng. 3. We have no record of the best flying jump on skates.

J. L. W.—1. Four queens will beat a straight flush, unless a special agreement to the contrary is made before commencing the game. 2. Four of a sort will beat the highest straight flush. 3. This is answered above. 4. In making the checker board there must be a double corner at the right hand of the player. 5. Keno is a modification of the game of lotto.

U. S. B. C., Staunton, Va.—"A and B play a game of cribbage. A first plays a 4, B a 4, and takes two; A then plays a tray and B plays a deuce. Is (he) B entitled to the routine of three, or does a pair break the routine?".....If the cards had been played thus: 3, 4, 4, 2, then the pair would have spoiled the sequence; but played as above it does not, and B is entitled to his three points.

TREASURY, Washington.—The burlesque of "Leah" was produced at the Winter Garden, July 13, 1863. It was by Frank Wood, in two acts, and was a success. Dan Setchell, Mark Smith, Harry Pearson, A. H. Davenport, Sol Smith, Jr., C. T. Parsloe, Jr., and Emily Thorne were in the cast. We thank you for your kind offers, but we have a regular in your city.

BILLIARDS, Lewistown, Ill.—It was a foul shot, for when the player's ball is in hand he must cause it to pass outside the string before touching either of the object balls or *cushion*, with one exception, viz., in playing at a ball whose base of contact with the table is outside of the string, it is lawful for the cue ball to strike it on the part within the string.

A. H. P., Bridgeport.—1. Salt Lake City belongs to the United States. 2. They possess on sufferance an internal domestic government of their own, but they are still regarded as subject to the Federal Government. 3. They have a military organization of their own. 4. Except in the matter of polygamy, their domestic laws do not conflict with those of the United States.

J. C. B.—1. Some months ago it was Mr. Rowe's intention to have returned here and star through the country, but as he has not yet arrived we cannot say what his future intentions are. 2. Julia has retired from the stage. 3. When we answered the correspondent Mr. Lester Wallack was not then playing. Mr. C. Fisher is not a light comedian.

W. H.—1. The New York Theatre will seat as follows:—Orchestra, 210; parquet, 250; circle, 375; gallery, 150. Total, 965, with standing room for 500 more. In money, about $1,000 worth can be crowded in. 2. Eliza Newton left the theatre for reasons best known to herself. She will not appear there again this season.

UNION, Springfield, Mass.—We stand corrected—the J. W. Dickinson, 6 oars, made the three miles in 19:11¼, at the late Springfield Regatta, Sept. 20th, which, taking for granted that the course was a three mile one, beats the Harvard's 19:22 at Boston by 10¾secs.

BILLY BARLOW, Chicago.—Well, Billy, if you feel so confident of your abilities and are determined to become an actor, all you have to do is to obtain an engagement in a regularly established theatre. Commence as a "super" and you will then soon find out whether the stage is your vocation or not.

ACTIVE.—1. Fanny Morgan Phelps in No. 30 and James Budworth in 31. 2. The lady went from the Winter Garden to the Walnut, Philadelphia. 3. Edwin Booth's present engagement at the Winter Garden promises to be a lengthy one. We cannot tell you who will follow him.

C. T. B., Wheeling.—You inquire about the largest hall. Don't you mean the largest theatre? If so, the Stadt Theatre will seat the most, but the New Bowery, just destroyed by fire, held the most.

RAINBOW, Troy, N. Y.—Outsiders, although they may have bets on any game they are witnessing, have no right to interfere with the play or offer suggestions, unless permitted by all the contestants.

W. A. M., Bangor, Me.—1. Lang ran a mile in 4 minutes 2 seconds, but it was on a slanting road, a little down hill—it is not considered the best time on record for one mile. 2. We make no charge for answers to correspondents.

CALIFORNIAN.—Lotta first appeared in this city at Niblo's Saloon. She *has* appeared at a regular Broadway theatre, having played a banjo solo between the pieces at the Winter Garden, June 20, 1864, for the benefit of A. H. Davenport.

S. P. S., Harrisburg.—1. He was lately managing an opera troupe, but it has stopped traveling. He is now running a variety troupe. 2. Not the party that is at present playing in this city.

P. C., Boston.—If the wager was that the prisoners would be hanged on the 13th Dec., then the party so betting, loses. If that was not the understanding, then the bet will depend on future proceedings.

ELAM.—The husband of Kate Bateman is George Crowe, a son of Mr. Eyre Crowe, the historian and journalist; also a brother of Mr. Joseph Crowe, formerly of the *Illustrated London News*, now English Consul at Leipzig.

J. O. J., Leon, Iowa.—The proper way would be to advertise for whatever you need in that line, and, as there is plenty of stock idle just now, you may soon procure what is needed.

E. P. N.—Dan Rice, who was traveling the past summer through the country with a circus company, is the original Dan Rice who formerly appeared in this city, at Niblo's.

FREDONIA.—B cannot play alone after C has ordered it up and declared to go alone; B, in securing three tricks, euchres his opponent, for which he is entitled to two points only.

SUCCESS.—If you can secure a position in some minor capacity with a good troupe you will soon get an insight into the business, and if you possess talent a better chance will quickly offer.

UNO, Washington, D. C.—Any player has a right to demand a shuffle of the cards before they are dealt, but the dealer can claim the last shuffle.

G. W. B.—1. They are good, but not considered first class. 2. Biographies of them have not appeared in the CLIPPER. 3. It is so reported.

EUREKA, Newark, N. J.—Edwin Booth made his first appearance on the stage Sept. 10, 1849, as Tressel, in "Richard the Third," at the Boston Museum.

A. W. A., Philadelphia.—It is a business matter between the two parties named, and we presume they will settle it without our interference.

READER.—The expression "he and I" is perfectly correct. You are mistaken in saying that the word "but" is a preposition; it is a conjunction.

DAMON, Nashville.—1. The population of New York in 1860 was 805,651. 2. Mrs. John Wood is a widow. 3. The New Bowery, just destroyed by fire, was the largest.

ROCKY BAR BOY.—1. Alice is not married. 2. The lady's picture may in time appear in our columns.

FRANK S., Geneva.—You will have to go to the Capital of each State that you go through for a license.

HOWARD, Lockport.—If you can send full description of hall, it would be very acceptable.

F. M., Stillville, N. Y.—The party who bet that 19 did not win, loses the wager.

GENTLE ANNIE.—1. We do not know of any one. 2. No. 3. Fifty dollars.

S. W.—1. The lady is now in her thirty-fourth year. 2. Cannot give you the exact number, but between fifty and sixty.

SPOT.—Young Edwards was once matched in Birmingham, but we do not remember whether he fought on the other side or not.

STAKEHOLDER, Buffalo.—A loses the bet, as he had no right to take the numbers named by B, and his smartness loses his wager.

POCKET, Boston.—You don't read the CLIPPER, or you would have seen in last issue that Joseph was the man.

P. E. W., Boston.—The Evening Star went down during a storm; she was not destroyed by fire.

PROFESSIONAL.—There are three brothers living. The one in England is a fraud.

WALKER, Philadelphia.—As we understand it, the bet was that D would beat C. As a tie is not a beat, the party betting on D loses.

FIREMAN.—Will try to find the record, and give you the result in our next.

E. P., Louisville, Ky.—Harry Jennings can supply you with what you want.

OYSTERS FOR THREE, Chicago.—A player may not rest his hand on a red ball while in the act of making a shot.

HARRY, Trenton, N. J.—We shall be pleased to receive a summary of news from your city.

GEO. H. DENISON, London, C. W.—The amount sent fully pays the shot for three months.

W. A. D., Milwaukee.—He is probably traveling under another name.

J. ROOD, Wilmington, Del.—Your advertisement with first remittance did not arrive in time for our last issue.

E. V. B., Providence.—Address Roberts, clog shoe maker, 96 Ninth Avenue.

M. H. S., Chicago.—Flora Temple is a trotter and not a pacer.

J. B. WINSTANDLEY, New Albany.—Check received. Thanks.

OSBURN BROTHERS.—One dollar just right.

E. M. P., Detroit.—Items would be acceptable.

AID, Birmingham.—Will be acceptable, if of general interest.

BUCKEYE, Cincinnati.—Mr. Florence was born in Albany, N. Y.

S. S. T., Armenia.—"It cannot was."

B. B. L., Sedalia.—Five dollars for the year.

BILLY DONNELLY.—A letter for you.

JACK LEONARD.—And one for you.

JACK TURNER.—Another for you.

NOTICE.

Owing to New Year falling on Tuesday, our day of publication and wishing to give all persons engaged on the CLIPPER an opportunity to participate in the festivities of the occasion, we hereby notify agents, advertisers, correspondents, and all others interested, that we intend to go to press on Sunday evening, Dec. 30th, and issue the CLIPPER on Monday, Dec. 31st. Our friends who may wish their favors to appear in that issue will guide themselves accordingly, and send in their correspondence, advertisements, etc., so as to reach us not later than Sunday morning.

CHRISTMAS--1866--GREETING.

THE CLIPPER wishes its readers a merry, merry Christmas—a Christmas wherein all the good things of life shall be magnified and multiplied, and all the evil things forgotten. The CLIPPER feels festive on this occasion. It overflows with the ink of human kindness. It forgives its enemies (for the time being) and has put its fighting editor in a straight jacket. It stands its readers up in a row (figuratively) and blesses them by classes. *Oyer! oyer!*

A merry Christmas, ye managers! May you cater acceptably to the public taste; may your "grand spectacles" continue to please many eyes; may your "commodious resorts" be shaded by the tree of Prosperity, and may it fairly blossom with greenbacks. May the naked drama never be played to bare seats.

A merry Christmas, ye Actors! May the rich old uncle who always appears at the opportune moment on the mimic stage assume the garb of Santa Claus and come to you in real life, bringing with him that untold wealth which middle aged gentlemen who return from Australia or the East Indies are always supposed to possess. May you be cast in favorite plays and may the public stamp its feet and clap its hands and call you before the curtain when you have "done your level best."

A merry Christmas, ye pugilists! May you knock Misfortune off its pins, "draw the claret" from Ill-luck, and get Wealth "in chancery." May Success be your second, and Fair Play your bottle-holder.

A merry Christmas, ye billiardists! May you "draw" on a full purse, and "carom" around a standard dinner table. May you "pocket" good returns for your investments, and may never anger nor shame turn your faces to "the dark red."

A merry Christmas, ye contributors! May pleasant items prove plenty as roses in June; may you pass over the highway of Enjoyment without being "crowded out." May your plans never be knocked into "pi." May no fair damsel "respectfully decline" you. May the fates write your record only on one side of the page—and that the sunny side.

And now a merry Christmas to all—to old and young, to rich and poor. May the good St. Nicholas forget none of the children, and may the gifts he brings cause their little eyes to sparkle bright as the stars that shone upon the shepherds on the first Christmas morning. Enjoy yourselves rationally and cultivate good will to man, and accept the kindest wishes of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

FOUR CIRCUSES TO MEET IN PARIS.

The measures in progress for the production of the Champion Circus Performers of America at the *Exposition Universelle* in Paris, next year, will make everybody curious in regard to European Circuses, and the prospects of the American competitors. For a long time—until two years ago—a stock company, managed by Mons. De Jean, enjoyed a circus monopoly, having two elegant circus buildings—one, the *Cirque Napoleon*, near the Boulevard du Temple, and used only in winter; the other, the *Cirque de L'Imperatrice*, on the Champs Elysees, at the other extremity of the city, and occupied only in summer. Several years ago, after the expiration of the concession granted by the government to Mons. De Jean, another stock company was formed under the direction of Mons. Bastien Franconi, and a new building constructed near the *Cirque Napoleon*, called the Prince Imperial, and which has been in operation nearly a year. Heretofore the monopoly has kept down competition, and the low salaries have been no inducement for the great *artistes* from abroad to visit Paris. The company of Herr Rentz, in Germany, is superior to any in France, and in America the Paris Circus has always been over-rated. The circus performances in New York and New Orleans have generally excelled those in that gay capital. Besides Mons. De Jean and Mons. Franconi, who are there permanently, there will be at the exposition Herr Rentz's company and the American Circus, and perhaps Mr. Hengler's from England, Signor Quaglienni's from Italy; and as Messrs. De Jean and Franconi will doubtless recruit their companies for this unusual competition, it is safe to say that many of the best performers in the world will for the first time be assembled in the same city in friendly rivalry. The judgment pronounced upon the merits of the respective contestants will settle their comparative professional status beyond dispute, and the prizes and medals won there will indicate the standing of the winner in the profession, and his name be heralded in every prominent newspaper in the civilized world. In this universal international contest the American artists will unquestionably win a full share of the laurels. It is generally claimed that the best riders, acrobats and gymnasts are Americans, while in Europe greater stress is placed upon *equestriennes* and trained horses. It is questioned, however, whether their studs of horses, though more extensive, are better than M. Chiarini's, now in Havana, while, as they almost confine themselves to training their horses to the manege, Americans have succeeded best in trick horses. At the same time there are several promising American *debutantes* who will compare favorably with the best *equestriennes* in Paris. Besides, the Parisiennes have been so surfeited with *equestriennes* and manege horses that it is difficult to excite their attention in these two departments. The arrangement of the prizes and medals, and the method of distribution, as well as the classifications, have not yet been decided upon. On the part of the Americans it will be under the charge of M. Beckwith, the U. S. Consul General of France, who is also the agent appointed by the U. S. Government to the Exposition. The competitors of other nationalities will doubtless entrust their interests in like manner to their country's representatives. The Imperial Commission will appoint the committees who are to decide upon the merits of the contestants; to be composed, it is expected, of the principal directors of circuses and gymnasia in Europe, and upon which care will be taken to have Americans represented. Messrs. Smith, Quick & Nathans, and Messrs. Spalding & Bidwell, two of the most extensive and wealthy circus firms in America, furnish the capital and conduct the details of this great American enterprise. They have secured a location more central and fashionable than any theatre or circus in Paris, and one of the party proceeded there by the Scotia on the 12th inst., to superintend the erection of a suitable amphitheatre, which is intended to surpass any circus building in that city. At the same time they are building in this country a portable amphitheatre, unique in design and of great capacity, to be used on special occasions on the *Champs de Mars*, adjoining the exposition buildings, as well as in the other principal cities of Europe after a six or twelve months sojourn in Paris. It is understood that 100,000f. had been paid in and that another instalment of 100,000f. is to be forthcoming on the 1st of March towards carrying out this brilliant project. The projectors propose to pay the transportation and regular American salaries (in its gold equivalent) of the artists, and expect to be reimbursed in part for the enormous outlay by the large audiences and high price of tickets that will be practicable under the excitement likely to be produced.

In Paris circuses have not been accustomed to advertise in the newspapers, nor use the large pictorial bills, posters, lithographs or handbills that are in vogue in this country. The American company takes along, we believe, the entire machinery of American management, in which printer's ink occupies such a formidable part, and when it is considered that besides the nearly two millions of residents of Paris, half a million of the richest and most fashionable people of all other countries will be there next year, no apprehension need be entertained that American artists may not make their share of the noise, and the managers of the money, that such a liberal and laudable undertaking deserves.

MYSTERIOUS INFLUENCE OF THE CLIPPER.

Our contemporary of the *Herald* asserts that his sheet exercises an influence which neither he nor his readers can understand or appreciate. We agree with him; but if his influence is mysterious, our's is perfectly miraculous. It is beyond the comprehension of ourselves or "any other man." Compare the *Herald*, if you will, to Pepper's Ghost, but liken us to the latest improved Sphynx. Permit us to note just a few instances where our hidden hand has clutched events with its invisible fingers.

Twelve missionaries were recently sent to perform amongst the enlightened inhabitants of the interior of Timbuctoo. Three of the number were cooked and eaten by the appreciative converts, and if the CLIPPER had not maintained a dignified silence on the subject, doubtless the *steaks* of the other nine would have been likewise forfeited.

Again: Michael Connolly and Richard Kelly were opposing candidates for Comptroller at the recent Charter election in this city. The CLIPPER, for satisfactory reasons, did not support either of these gentlemen, and, wonderful as it may appear, neither of them was elected! Two rival Associated Press Agencies are now having a lively fight. Each party claims to be the "original Jacobs." If we had briefly stated in our Answers to Correspondents which was the legitimate show, the other concern would have been squelched at once, and the daily papers would have remained as dull as ever. Another specimen of our mysterious influence! The Reverend Brother Smyth recently painted in glowing terms the beauties of the "Black Crook." The next day we wrote an abstract of his discourse, which secured for him a crowded audience on the *previous* afternoon. Extremely mysterious, this!

Then there is the recent enfranchisement of the gemmen of color, in that ten-mile ring where the congressional pugilists fight. It is really difficult to tell how we brought about this result. Our silence may have been tortured into assent, but the theme is so pregnant with mystery that we can but barely touch upon it. Our hidden influence in laying the Atlantic Cable is so well understood that we cannot explain it. Once again, reader, how do you suppose Surratt came to be captured? It was owing entirely to the mysterious influence of the CLIPPER; and we have no doubt "Hale, Alexandria," would have stated the fact "to Seward, Washington," in his laconic message, if telegraphing had been lower and Egyptian gold plentier. The non-completion of our new Court House is attributable to our mysterious influence. We failed to state, six years ago, that the work was begun, and now, alas! it can never be finished. As far back as last January we made some allusion to cold weather, and the mysterious influence of those remarks has brought about the recent fine frosts and given our patrons the chance for a lively turn at the skating parks.

But examples multiply and we must stop, simply advising our readers henceforth to wager no more money on the woolly horse, but to bet their pile on "mysterious influence."

LA COTERIE CARNIVAL.—The city of Philadelphia is becoming noted for the magnificent style in which it gets up masked balls, now so popular in all the large cities; but the most *recherche* of these fascinating affairs is that known as "La Coterie Carnival and Bal Masque," annually given in the Quaker City—under the direction of John C. Risley, Peter E. Abel and Harry C. Risley. These gentlemen are now perfecting their arrangements for the coming Carnival, which is to take place at the Academy of Music on Monday evening, January 14th, 1867, and which, it is thought, will far surpass anything of the kind ever undertaken in this country. We well remember the interest which last season's carnival created, but the approaching one will, we are given to understand, eclipse even that grand display. The musical department will comprise a combination orchestra of over one hundred performers, while the decorations, appointments, novel effects, etc., will be on a corresponding scale of liberality. There is already a brisk demand for tickets, which can only be obtained by subscription. The ladies are on the *qui vive* for this important event, for the Academy will be graced by the presence of many of the beauties of Philadelphia on that auspicious occasion. "May we be there to see."

JOHN MORRISSEY'S BANK.—A report has been going the rounds to the effect that at a late sitting in 24th street Hon. Ben. Wood fought Hon. John Morrissey's Tiger, and before the party broke up B. Wood had won from J. Morrissey the comfortable stake of one hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars! On making inquiry in the proper quarter we are led to believe the report to be true. We further learn, that at one time during the play brother Ben had bad luck, Morrissey winning every time, and at last B. Wood was obliged to borrow a couple of thousand as a last chance, that the cards then began to run kindly for him, and the bank closed with Morrissey a loser to the above extent.

A HEAVY RAIN STORM set in on Saturday night and continued all Sunday, interfering somewhat with preparations for celebrating Christmas day. Storekeepers, we are told, have not done a very thriving business for the holiday season; although, to look at the crowds in our business thoroughfares, a stranger would think otherwise. High-priced luxurica, it is said, have met with fair sale, but the middle and lower classes of society have not made their usual expenditures on account of a contraction of their currency.

"JOHN MORRIS' MONEY."—A Christmas story by Olive Logan bears this title. Some of our friends, were we not to inform them otherwise, might construe this into John Morrissey's money, which has passed quite current of late. Olive Logan's story seems to consist of a number of stories about something or nothing, as the case may be. It is published by the American News Company, and may be had of all book dealers.

THE UNITED SOCIAL CLUB, of which Dennis Leary, the celebrated oarsman, is president, and Geo. B. Gifford secretary, give their annual ball at the New York Assembly Rooms (Twenty-ninth street and Broadway) on Christmas night, when all intending to participate in the festivities may feel certain of having a pleasant time.

THE ORPHANS' FESTIVAL.—Such has been the demand for tickets for this enterprise that double the number originally intended have been sold, and the prizes increased in a corresponding manner. The sale of tickets closed on Dec. 22d. In order that due and fair arrangements may be made for the drawing, that event is not to commence until January 14.

THE OLD VOLUNTEER PAID FIRE DEPARTMENT, of San Francisco, Cal., was to have ceased to exist on Saturday, Dec. 1st, and the new paid department would at once go into effect. The first eighteen ever appointed on the paid department, from the Chief down, were from *Boston*. We do not see that the New York boys were running for places on the paid department.

ABOUT CONVICTS.—The idea is broached in Canada of sending convicts to catch whales, and some philanthropists favor it as opening a chance for civilizing and converting the Esquimaux. Permit us to ask, however, whether the Esquimaux are open to such conviction.

THE TERRENCE DUFFY ASSOCIATION give their annual invitation ball at the Everett Rooms, corner of Broadway and 34th street, on Monday evening, Dec. 31st, and there and then all who take part in the mazy will have a chance to dance the Old Year out and the New Year in.

A CRISIS MAN APPROACHING.—Hinton Rowan Helper, author of the "Impending Crisis," is about to return from Buenos Ayres, where he has been U. S. Consul. The "Impending Crisis" having arrived, we may now look for the impending Helper.

JOHN SPACOM MUSKETEERS.—The first annual target excursion of this company will take place on the 26th inst., the place of shooting being Bennett's Hotel, East New York.

IN A BAD FIX.—A Southern paper says that "President Johnson hangs over the gulf of impeachment by the thread of surmise." The Pres. must be what the pugs call a feather weight not to break that thread.

BRUTAL EXHIBITION.—Two Sunday school teachers fought in a church in Chicago recently, and were let off with a fine of five dollars next day. These pious men are not members of the Prize Ring, although they are exponents of muscular Christianity.

THE SHADOW PANTOMIME, very amusing, and just the thing for Christmas presents to children, is advertised in another column by T. Yates.

"OUR JIM" asks us if we don't think young Albert had an arrow escape when William Tell shot the apple from off his head.

PRIVATE RACE TRACK IN SAN FRANCISCO.—It is currently reported that it is in contemplation to construct a private race track in some suitable locality, a few miles from San Francisco, where gentlemen, owning fine animals, may have an opportunity of exercising them and testing their speed.

CUT DOWN.—The fine blooded mare Virginia, the property of Geo. Treat, Esq., entered for the races at San Jose, in December, while exercising recently was cut down by a horse called Joe Bowers, and so seriously injured as to throw her out of her engagements. It is not known whether the accident was intentional or not.

RACE COURSE.—John McGibbon, of Memphis, has purchased the Memphis Race Course for $20,000.

BILLIARDS.

The Standard American Billiard Tables

AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.

These Billiard Tables have received the unqualified approval of the best players and most competent judges, who have universally pronounced them unequalled for general excellence and durability.

Seven distinct patents for improvements in Billiard Tables have been granted to us by the United States Patent Office, and we have lately obtained a patent from the French Government for our improvements in billiard cushions.

We employ, in the construction of our tables, a variety of machines specially made for the purpose, by which means we are enabled to insure a scientific and mechanical accuracy hitherto unknown in billiard manufacture.

AMERICAN CUE CEMENT.—Price for large bottles, 50 cents. Warranted the best in use.

Price Lists and full information sent by mail.

PHELAN & COLLENDER,
32-tf 63, 65, 67 and 69 Crosby street, New York.

Concert Hall Billiard Room.

Nos. 1217, 1219 and 1221 Chestnut street,
PHILADELPHIA.

20 Tables, Phelan & Collender make. The largest Billiard Hall in the United States. Visitors insured prompt attention. 15-6m

IMPORTANT CHANGE OF A RULE GOVERNING BILLIARDS.

BALLS IN CONTACT.

It is announced by Michael Phelan, whose rules for the government of the four-ball game are the standard authority among billiard players, that on and after the first day of the incoming January, Rule VII relative to "frozen balls," or balls in contact, will read as follows:—

"When the cue-ball is in contact with any other ball, the striker may effect a count either by playing first upon some ball other than that with which his own is in contact, or by playing against the cushion, or by a *masse*. In either of the two last mentioned cases, it is immaterial which ball the returning cue-ball strikes first. These stipulations observed, the play can then be pursued entirely as if the balls had not been in contact."

This change, which is made at the request of our leading amateur and professional players, is a good one. It admits of the striker's counting by a "bank," in cases where the balls are in contact, regardless of whether the returning cue-ball first hits the ball to which it was "frozen" or not; and the same interpretation will now hold good in cases where the striker resorts to the *masse* or perpendicular stroke. In explanation of the old rule, or the one which will remain in force until the first of January, Mr. Phelan says:—

"As is well known to professional players, it was not my intention when I introduced the rule which is now in force (previous to which introduction no count at all could be made when the balls were 'in contact'), that it should be interpreted as it has been, and as, since no reservation is made in behalf of 'banking,' it had to be; and it would long since have been changed, had not decisions sustaining the literal interpretation of the rule been so frequently rendered by the newspaper press that the majority of players cheerfully accepted the rule as it stood. Though I wished to amend it as now proposed, I could not of course do so in the face of this general acceptance. Rules are not rules unless they are accepted as such, and had an attempt been made five years ago to rectify the oversight as to playing from the cushion, it would scarcely have been successful. Now, however, players being almost unanimous for it, though they still adhere to the old rule, the change may be safely attempted."

A BILLIARD TOURNAMENT took place at Carthage, N. Y., on Dec. 6th and 7th, for a champion's cue and other prizes, for the counties of Jefferson, St. Lawrence, Oneida, Oswego, Herkimer and Franklin, in this State. Three counties only were represented—St. Lawrence, Jefferson and Oneida. The first match, for Thursday evening, was between Mr. Rhodes, of Ogdensburgh, Mr. Childs, of Carthage, and Messrs. Whipple, Griffin and Spencer, of Utica. The first prize, consisting of the cue and $30 in cash, was won by Mr. Rhodes, of the "Burgh," and the second prize, $30, was taken by Mr. Whipple, of Utica. The games were 500 points up, caroms. On Friday evening two additional players entered for the prizes—Mr. Tripp, of Watertown, and Mr. Salter, of Carthage—the latter a youth of some fourteen years. Although not successful, he was at one time the favorite, and his brilliant shots were greeted with rounds of applause. In one game of 100 points, with Mr. Whipple, of Utica, young Salter was the victor by about forty points. The prizes on the second evening were—first prize, $50; second prize, $30; third prize, $20, and were won respectively by Mr. Childs, Mr. Spencer, and Mr. Tripp. Full game, 100 points up. Watertown kept up her standing in the billiard contest. The victory of Mr. Childs, on the second evening, was hailed with satisfaction by those who have so often looked with admiration upon his elegant playing.

BILLIARDS IN WASHINGTON.—The new and pleasant billiard saloon of Josiah Simpson, on D street between 6th and 7th, was formally opened to the public on Wednesday, December 12th. It having been announced that Plunkett, of Baltimore, would be present and engage in a friendly game with the young Washington favorite, James H. Davis, the lovers of the game and friends of the proprietor were out in full force. The entertainment was opened by a carom game, 240 points up, between Messrs. Jones and Collinsworth, superintendents of Miller's and the Kirkwood House saloons, respectively; Jones won easily by 80 points. Messrs. Plunkett and Davis were then introduced, and commenced a game of 400 points, caroms. The highest run, 78, was made by Davis, who also won the game, in 27 innings, by 91 points. It was a spirited game, and both players received well merited applause during its progress, and altogether a good time was had. The score:—

Davis—0, 71, 16, 0, 11, 3, 32, 4, 78, 5, 2, 2, 2, 2, 29, 0, 3, 4, 46, 0, 19, 2, 11, 7, 0, 13, 36—Total, 400. Average, 14 22-27.

Plunkett—0, 45, 5, 6, 7, 7, 14, 10, 10, 19, 4, 19, 22, 3, 0, 44, 18, 0, 6, 0, 18, 38, 2, 10, 2, 4, 2—Total, 309. Average, 11 12-27.

OUT IN A NEW GARB.—The *Billiard Cue*, considerably enlarged, ornamented with a very patriotic, as well as emblematic heading, and having a general appearance superior even to that possessed by the tasteful numbers heretofore issued, has just come to hand. It is, as usual, highly interesting, two of its leading features being a pertinent poem from the pen of "Miles O'Reilly," and Dr. Marcy's article on the moral and hygienic advantages of billiards as a pastime, the latter already published in the CLIPPER.

REVIVAL OF CAROM POOL.—John McDevitt, determined not to be outdone in liberality by the gentlemen who a short time since presented him with the beautiful amethyst ring he wears, has offered two prizes—a gold watch and a diamond ring—to the six players who shall make the highest runs at the four ball carom game, French game, and carom pool, which latter, though an amusing game, has been little played of late years. McDevitt's patrons have been "running" since Dec. 5th, and will continue "running" until January 5th, 1867, when the head "runners" will compete for the prizes in a series of tournamental games.

LADIES PLAYING BILLIARDS.—Out in Omaha City, Nebraska, is one of the largest and finest billiard rooms west of the Mississippi river. It is called the International Billiard Hall, and is conducted by the Brothers Shoaf. The tables, four of which were erected quite recently, were furnished by Julius Balke, the most extensive manufacturer at the West, having one manufactory on Main and Eighth streets, Cincinnati, and another at 58 Market street, St. Louis. On the occasion of the formal reopening of the International, it is said that about one hundred ladies were present, many of whom amused themselves at billiards.

PROTESTS AGAINST "YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY."—The Young Men's Christian Association have uttered their protest against billiard playing—at least against billiard playing in public rooms. We might retaliate by uttering a protest against the Y. M. C. A.'s liberal patronage of "The Black Crook." But we won't. It would do no good. The Young Men would flatly tell us to mind our own business—they know what is good for *them!*

A BILLIARD TOURNAMENT was recently held at the Concordia Club Rooms, Baltimore, Md., as follows:—There were two classes. The prize of the first class was a handsome silver mounted cue; the prize of the second, an elegant silk umbrella. The games of the first class were played on a carom table, 100 points up; the second on a four pocket table, 80 points up. The winner was to beat all competitors. The first prize was won by Mr. L. P. Wiel; the second by M. H. Hecht. The participants were of course all amateurs and members of the club.

A BILLIARD MATCH, for $100 a side, came off at Carthage, N.Y., on Dec. 7, between C. L. Tripp, of Watertown, and George Salter, of Carthage. The game played was caroms, 1,000 points up. Salter, who is a mere boy of 14 years, won the game, scoring in 149 innings 1,017 points. Tripp, 148 innings, 736. Salter's best runs were—19, 16, 37, 29, 20, 23, 18, 16, 18, 16, 18, 16, 21, 17, 24, 39, 22, 31, 16, 49. Tripp's best runs were—20, 25, 33, 40, 17, 17, 21, 27, 19, 19, 24, 23, 20.

A BILLIARD MATCH took place in Bangor, Me., on the evening of Monday, Dec. 17th, between Messrs. Williams and Godfrey of that city for $200 a side, which Williams won by a score of 1001 to Godfrey's 945. Their averages were, Williams 8⅓; Godfrey 6¼. As the score shows, it was a pretty close thing; but the averages are not anything extra.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON POPPING.—A pigeon match took place at Niagara Falls, on the 13th inst, between S. T. Murray and E. M. Taylor, twenty-five single birds, the former giving his opponent odds of five birds. We give the score:—Murray—1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1. Taylor—1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 0.

THE TRAP AT CORNWELL'S.—On Thursday, Dec. 20th, there was a tolerable muster of crack shots at Cornwell's, near Philadelphia, to witness a sweepstakes, $25 entrance, between five pigeon shooting celebrities, to wit: Jorden, better known as the Red Bird; Seeds, the Jersey Boy; Miles Johnson, and the Taylor Brothers, John and William, which the Jersey Boy won, beating the great expert. The day was intensely cold, and the upshot has led to a match between John Taylor and W. Seeds to shoot at 25 pair and 50 single, for $250 each match—in all $1000—to take place at Greenville, either on the 27th inst. or Jan. 3. Below is the tally of the match on the 20th:

J. Jordan	11111 11001 10001 01111 10110—17
J. Taylor	11101 11101 11111 11111 10100—20
W. Seeds	11100 01111 11111 11111 10111—21
M. Johnson	01111 10011 11100 11011 11010—17
W. Taylor	11010 11001 00111 11101 10111—17

THE TRIGGER IN CALIFORNIA.—The members of the Forrester Shooting Club, of Frisco, indulged in a friendly trial of skill at Rickard's Golden City Hotel during the week ending November 24th, three prizes being offered by the club. The match was shot at quails, sprung from the trap, the first of the kind, it is said, that has taken place on the Pacific coast. The score was as follows:—

Groom	1011111111111—11	Lewis	1101111110110— 9
Welhe	0101111111111—10	Victor	1111111111111—12
Slotterbeck	1111101101111—10	Villegia	1010111111001— 8
DeLand	1100000010111— 6	Locan	1010010111110— 7
Wilson	1101111001011— 8	Bogart	1111101110110— 9

Mr. Victor, having killed all his birds, 12, received the first prize; Mr. Groom, having the next highest number, 11, second; Messrs. Welhe and Slotterbeck having tied, 10 birds each, it was shot off, at double birds, and won by the former, to whom was awarded the third prize.

THE RING.

The Right of Sale for New York and Other

STATES for those splendid Sporting Photographs,
"GOING TO AND COMING FROM THE FIGHT,"
will be disposed of by the undersigned,

J. R. EVANS, Artist,
Cliff Cottage, Stapleton, Staten Island, or
Clipper Office.

Price $6 per pair. To agents, $4.50. 37-2t

Hon. John Morrissey, Member of Congress,

In Fighting Costume, with List of Battles of the Great Undefeated. Large Colored Lithograph. Framing size 19×24. Price one dollar. [38-1t] Address JAMES & CO., 22 Spruce st.

$1000 UP IN THE COLLYER AND McGLADE MATCH.

HALF THE JOURNEY OVER.

So far, nothing has occurred to interrupt the harmony in the match, Collyer vs. McGlade, and that this will be carried out to the end of the chapter is the ardent wish of every lover of courage and manliness who take any interest in the impending conflict. Although the by-play and debates on one side of the house or the other at the making of the deposits has little or nothing to do with the two principals, still it is a good thing sometimes to have a good talker, and one "who knows what he does know," as he may see points where nobody else sees them, and it is the business of the diplomats to arrange matters as satisfactorily as possible, for therein some think lies all the praise. That this was done to the satisfaction of all parties therein concerned, on the 22d inst., at our office, is now generally acceded, and until the next deposit, due at the CLIPPER on Saturday, December 29th, nothing will likely occur to militate against the progress of events. At the last posting a final stakeholder was agreed to in the person of a widely known sporting gent, and to him we have transferred the ten centuries, to be by him held in trust until the great day (Jan.

BALL PLAY.

THE APPOINTMENT OF THE COMMITTEES.

The following are the appointments made by President Gorman for the several committees of the National Association:

Committee on Rules.—Dr. J. B. Jones, Chairman, Excelsior, Brooklyn; H. Chadwick, National, Washington; John Grum, Eckford, Brooklyn; C. E. Thomas, Eureka, Newark; Jas. Cameron, Empire, New York; Geo. Ebbetts, Active, New York; G. B. Hubbell, Charter Oak, Hartford, Conn.; D. R. Kleinfelder, Harry Clay, Philadelphia; J. H. Lynch, Keystone, Philadelphia; Otis Kielholtz, Pastime, Baltimore; D. B. Parker, Union, Richmond; Dr. John Draper, Live Oak, Cincinnati; A. Waterman, Columbia, Bordentown. Five of the above committee constitute a quorum.

Committee on Nominations.—Dr. W. H. Bell, Chairman, Eclectic, New York; J. W. Davis, Knickerbocker, New York; E. Sinn, Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Two of the above committee form a quorum.

Printing Committee.—A. H. Rugen, Chairman, Resolute, Brooklyn; H. Chadwick, National, Washington; Robert H. Law, Portland, Oregon. Two of the above form a quorum.

Judiciary Committee.—W. Herring (chairman), Union, Morrisania, N. Y.; D. W. C. Moore, Athletic, Phila., Pa.; J. S. Kuen, Olympic, Philadelphia, Pa.; B. Bache, Excelsior, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Thos. Tassie, Atlantic, Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. J. Kelly, Gotham, New York, N. Y.; S. Yates, Eagle, New York, N. Y.; C. C. Commerford, Monitor, Waterbury, Conn.; F. C. Winship, Hunki Dori, Wheeling, West Virginia.

Six of the above form a quorum. We regard the above selections as judicious, especially that of the Judiciary Committee, which includes men who have the moral courage to discharge the duties of their office impartially. The address of the Corresponding Secretary of the Association is Chas. E. Coon, box 19, Post Office, Washington, D. C.

BALL PLAY ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

The denizens of the distant City of Gold have taken as lively an interest in the national pastime as their brethren in other sections of the country, during the season just closed. The city now boasts fifteen clubs, thirteen of which were organized since April last, the exceptions being the Eagles and Pacific. The former is the oldest club in the State, and on Thanksgiving Day they had a contest with the Independents, with the appended result:—

EAGLE.	H.L.	R.	INDEPENDENT.	H.L.	R.
Calvert, c	1	7	Davis, c	5	2
Fisher, s s	2	7	Hawley, c f	3	3
Deane, 1st b	2	7	Hale, 1st b	4	2
Peplow, 3d b	2	7	Hamer, 3d b	2	4
Bassini, 2d b	3	6	Wilder, 2d b	6	0
Dunn, l f	6	2	Cornell, s s	3	2
Faulhaber, c f	4	2	Calvert, l f	3	3
Gunn, r f	4	2	Rand, p	0	6
Kerrigan, p	3	4	Arthur, r f	1	3
Total	44		Total	25	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Eagle	7	5	2	11	0	5	5	5	4—44
Independent	3	6	2	0	1	4	5	1	3—25

Umpire—A. W. McMahon, formerly of the Atlantics, of Brooklyn. Scorers—Messrs. Ruggles and Gerberding. Time of game—three hours.

SILLECK VS. WIETZ.—These Vicksburgh, Miss., clubs were competitors in a match played on the 12th inst. for a silver ball. The score at the end of the seventh innings, when darkness put an end to the game, stood—W's, 46; S's, 31.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THAT POTTSVILLE FOOT RACE.—In regard to this somewhat unsportsmanlike sporting event between Ralph Artingstall and Edward Williams, at Pottsville, Pa., on Dec. 3d, we have received other communications since our last; one from the original stakeholder, Jas. Sterling, being a regular affidavit, duly signed, sealed, etc., by J. W. Conrad, Justice of the Peace, saying that from substantial evidence Williams was the winner and is duly entitled to the money. The other is from Thomas Elliott, of Philadelphia, protesting against the money being given over to Williams, saying that Artingstall's backers are the victims of collusion, and that he (Artingstall) sold the race. From all the evidence before us, we have come to the conclusion that Williams is entitled to the money, and have therefore remitted to the original stakeholder, Mr. Sterling, from whom we received it, the $600, to be disposed of accordingly. In doing so, however, we must say that we sympathize with the backers of Artingstall if they have been victimized by their man; but if it is true, their remedy lies with him, and not with the stakeholder or Williams, or his backers, as there is no choice left the stakeholder but to follow the mandate of the referee. We have therefore remitted the money, and refer the gentlemen of Philadelphia to their friends of Pottsville for further satisfaction.

YOUNG GRIFFIN LEAVES $50 TO RUN THAT VALATIA MAN.—The card from Mike Fitzpatrick has been the means of drawing out a number of peds for some time dormant, and among others Young Griffin, of Boston, declares himself once more in the field, and, what is better still, talks with money, giving his claims precedence over all others for a chance at the Unknown individual, whoever he may be. It is some time since the sporting public have heard from this unassuming but clever little pedestrian, and if a match should ensue, it will do much towards reviving that once favorite pastime. Further comments we withhold until the other side is heard from. Here is the substance of the letter from Griffin's backer, with which we received a $50 note to make good:—

"In answer to Mike Fitzpatrick, Young Griffin still claims the five mile championship, and doesn't wish any man to pass by his door unsatisfied. He is not to be jumped by, by Harding or 'any other man,' and he has been on the shelf long enough listening to the challenges of would be pedestrians. 'Put up or shut up,' is his motto, and, to show that he is still alive, he sends $50 (fifty dollars) as a first deposit, to the editor of the N. Y. CLIPPER, for a match of $1,000 (one thousand dollars) a side, and he will allow Fitzpatrick's man $100 (one hundred dollars) to run on any track within twenty miles of Boston, Mass., time and place to be named by mutual agreement. Griffin having a good local business (and also a family) to attend to, bars traveling after would-be pedestrians. Further particulars, if required, can be had by addressing J. D. Shea's Wine Store, corner of Elliot and Carver streets, Boston, Mass."

PEDESTRIANISM.—James Mills, known as the "Champion Walker of Australia," was matched to walk against Tom King, of Sacramento, Cal., a distance of 1000 yards—allowing King fifty yards start—for $100 a side, at Platt's Hall, Frisco, on the 3d inst. Mills was in training at last advices, under Kennovan's instructions, for his contemplated feat of traversing 100 miles in 24 consecutive hours.

FOOT RACE AT ORANGE.—Billy Farrell and the "Blue Boy" are matched to run a three mile race at Orange, N. J., on Christmas Day, in the afternoon. There will also be a trot the same day.

FIREMEN'S RACE FOR A SILVER HORN.—On Thursday evening, the 13th inst., there was quite a lively time among the Boys who "run wid der mashoen" in and around the city of good butter and two story houses, growing out of a race between members of rival fire companies for a silver trumpet. Eight picked men contested, and the race took place in the circus at Tenth and Callowhill streets, the conditions being for the men to go round the ring a dozen times, which, after an exciting struggle, resulted in John Caldwell, of Good Will Hose, winning the trophy in 30 seconds—the number of yards is not given.

SKITTLES.

"Manchester Bob's" Skittle Ground,
Sign of the Rabbit Warren, Carroll street, South Brooklyn.
Entirely Re-constructed, Newly Decorated and Illuminated. Capable of holding 500 people, and unmistakably the finest Ground in the Country. Also, a capacious QUOIT GROUND attached.
Call and see for yourself. [33-8t*] ROBERT CALVIN.

Skittles. Skittles. Skittles.
The lovers of this fine old game will no doubt be pleased to learn that there is a fine, spacious ground, well lighted and ventilated, at King's Brewery Shades, 157 W. 41st street, between 8th and 9th avenues, N. Y. Also, English bagatelle tables, European papers, long pipes, &c. This is the place where you can enjoy yourself rationally and economically. Come once and you are bound to come again. T. KING, 157 West 41st street.
N. B.—CHRISTMAS will be duly celebrated. 38-1t

Bagatelle Players Attention!
THE HALF WAY HOUSE,
No. 320 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEAR 27TH STREET,
WM. CLEAVER, PROPRIETOR,
Has the Finest Bagatelle Table in Town.
Also the Best Skittle Ground.
GREAT TIMES ON CHRISTMAS DAY.
Merry Xmas and Happy New Year. 38-1t*

SKITTLE MATCH BETWEEN MOORE AND DALY.—This somewhat important match for $50 a side was played at Manchester Bob's ground in South Brooklyn, on the evening of Dec. 17, and resulted in a victory for the Garryowen hero, Daly. Calvin backed the Britisher; Allison, of the McClellan Shades, the Irisher, and as they had played a match a week previous, which Moore won, there was quite an excitement about this affair. Play commenced at 7.45, and after a very evenly contested game the sprig of Garryowen gained the day. The match was 21 chalks up. Referee, E. J. Murdoch.

PARKER AND ROGERS' BAGATELLE MATCH.—A Bagatelle match came off at Cleaver's Half Way House, 320 8th avenue, on Tuesday, Dec. 18th, French game, 501 points up, said to be for $500 a side, in which Harry Parker, of the Eclipse Shades, Main street, Brooklyn, and George Rogers, of Middletown, N. Y., were the contestants. Play commenced at 2 P. M., the Brooklyn man winning the break, and both played with alternate success until the fourth hundred had been attained, when Middletown went to work with a will, and eventually won by 61 points, to the chagrin of the member of Beecher's congregation, and to the consequent enlargement of the countryman's pile. Over $1000 are said to have changed hands upon the occasion, the betting throughout being at evens. A number of prominent sports were present, and some won, but others lost heavily. Bob Smith, Speaker of the House of Commons, was final stakeholder. The loser not feeling satisfied with the above result, another match was made between the same parties for $100 a side, to come off at the same place on Friday evening, Dec. 28th. At the same time and place, Bill Cleaver will play Chas. Atkinson, of Middletown, for $50 a side.

BAGATELLE TOURNAMENT.—A sweepstakes of $25 each has been arranged to be played at Cleaver's, open to all bagatelle players in the United States, to play by pairs, after the fashion of the billiard tournament, the final winner to be entitled to the stake and the championship. Contestants will send in their names to 320 8th avenue, without further delay.

HUDSON ASSOCIATION No. 1, an organization of young men formerly attached to No. 1 Engine, as members of that popular uptown company, when the volunteer system was the rule, give a grand complimentary soiree at Palace Hall, on Sixth avenue, between 41st and 42d street, on New Year's Eve. The club numbers about one hundred members, and Charles Feitner is Chairman; Bernard F. Martin, Secretary, and John F. Feitner, Treasurer. Long may it wave!

AQUATICS.

James McKay,
BOAT BUILDER AND SPOON OAR MAKER.
Builder of all Hamill's boats, also Ward's celebrated four-oared boats, also Harvard and Yale University boats. Sail, Fishing and Pleasure boats built to order. Red House, 106th st., East River, N. Y.
33-ti

Race Boats and Spoon Oars, Shells, Sailing, Club and Fishing Boats of all descriptions, made to order and on hand. Also, Metallic Life Boats on hand and made to order, at the old Boat Shop foot of One Hundred and Fourteenth street and Harlem River, and No. 368 South street. 50 Boats on hand.
33-tf STEPHEN ROBERTS.

Nautilus Branch, No. 14 Ann street (formerly No. 1 Barclay st.), two doors from the New Herald Building.
34-3m THOMAS C. BURNS, Proprietor.

$250 FROM WALTER BROWN

TO ROW JAMES HAMILL A THREE MILE RACE.

It is now nearly a month since Walter Brown came out over his own signature in a rejoinder to the Pittsburgh favorite, and we have been waiting somewhat eagerly for a response from that quarter, but whether Jimmy didn't feel like keeping up a paper warfare all winter, or whether his new business has taken up all his time and attention, we trow not, but that it is one or the other is the general impression, for Jimmy has always been there or thereabouts when called upon to show his hand; and now that the rising young Portland champion has come out in a bold and fearless challenge, with money to back it up, for first choice with the little Engine, we may look for a response in due form, likewise backed up with the currency, and thereby set aside all chaffing and doubts as to whether or no the rival oarsmen want to row each other. Thus speaketh the vanquisher of Josh Ward:

PORTLAND, MAINE, December 18th, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER:—*Sir:* Three weeks having elapsed without a reply to my last communication from James Hamill, to show that I mean business I hereby enclose a deposit of $250 (two hundred and fifty dollars) for Mr. Hamill to cover, for a three mile race, single sculls, to come off in May next, for $1,000 a side. The race to be rowed at Pittsburgh or Portland, give or take $300 for expenses. WALTER BROWN.

[$250 received.—ED. CLIP.]

CANINE.

TERRIFIC DOG FIGHT IN FILLY.—On Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 18th, there was a dog fight at Patrick Carrol's pit, in Philadelphia, for $200 a side, at 26 pounds. The dogs were the breed of Jake Roome's dog, Billy, and Terry Storey's dog, of Albany. The dog bred off Jake Roome's Billy was the winner in 45 minutes; the winning dog's name was Ike, bred from Pauline, of Bordentown, and Billy, of New York. Johnny McMahon, of New York, was the handler of Ike; and Tom Tugman, of Philadelphia, handler of the other dog. Sport. It was, perhaps, one of the most terrific fights ever witnessed in that city. Terry Story, Jake Roome, Geo. Capron and a host of New York men were present. Every thing passed off quietly.

SAVED FROM THE WRECK.—Harry Hill has a splendid specimen of the canine species—a large St. Bernard—who saved the life of one of the passengers from the wreck of the steamship Scotland by hanging to his coat till rescued by a passing vessel.

DOG CHALLENGES.—We give the annexed challenge, as received:—

I, John Evans, of Liverpool, will match any dog or slut in the States, for from $100 to a $1000 a side, meet anywhere South or West, weights ranging from 11lb to 42lb. Any one wishing to make one or any of the matches, between the above weights, can communicate by addressing John Evans, in the care of Harry Jennings, Boston.

P. S.—Any gentleman wishing to purchase either dogs or pups, can have them delivered personally.

HARRY JENNINGS' DEFENCE.—In reply to the charge against Harry Jennings by Patrick J. Brennan as to his having obtained possession of two dogs by fraud, the former writes denying the charges *in toto*. Furthermore he has forwarded us a duplicate of the £20 draft sent for *two* dogs, as Brennan showed us a similar £10 draft for *one* dog, which would appear to exonerate Jennings from all blame. We haven't room for his communication, but the only conclusion we can arrive at is that Evans has been paid twice for one dog, and that he has forgotten (?) all about it in failing to send the equivalent, as he has received money for three dogs and only sent two.

SKATING.—The "Ball is Up" everywhere. Skating is to be had wherever a pond exists. The cold snap of the night of the 21st, when the thermometer went down so close to zero that there was no fun in it, increased the thickness of the icy coating on the Park lakes to an extent rendering any of the usual warnings as to danger unnecessary, for the ice is now a foot thick, and capable of bearing all who can get on it. We are glad to see that Dame Fashion has declared hoops on the skating ponds to be very vulgar for her feminine votaries, and consequently all those of the fair sex who do not go on the ponds solely to show their well proportioned nether limbs, leave their hoops at home and don a regular skating dress in place of the tilting crinoline. This is bad for the young men who are attracted to the ponds by the Black Crook style of skating costume.

The proprietors of the several enclosed skating lakes and ponds in the suburbs of the metropolis are in the very best of temper at the present auspicious condition of things in the skating business. Oatman, at his skating park on Sixth avenue and 59th street, strokes his handsome black beard with entire complacency as the fashionables throng his buildings. McMillan, as he gracefully goes through the most extraordinary capers on his famous club skates on the smooth surface of his Fifth avenue pond, feels as light as a feather as he sees the crowd flocking down the stairs to the ticket office. Brother Cammeyer, at the Union Pond, keeps his eye upon the grin and smiles continuously. Weed and Decker feel as if the world was approaching the millenium, as they glance at the crowds of fair ones on the Capitoline, and Chichester regards his cozy little Myrtle Lake as the *ne plus ultra* of a skating pond, and actually smiles when some teaze reminds him of "de greased pig" of last winter. In fact, there is the gayest of gay old times on all the ponds, and skating is in the ascendant, greatly to the mortification of the managers of most of the theatres.

P. S.—When the above was written, it was all right—now, it is all wrong, for rain and warm weather have left the skaters in a sad plight, and the ponds in a very unskatable condition. Perhaps, by the time this reaches the eyes of our readers, everything will be straight again, with ice in abundance. Skating is a mighty uncertain business.

CHANTICLEER, AHOY!—Mariners steering along the Hudson should mark well the landmarks as they sail, and lest by accident it should not be generally known, the Skipper notifies all inward bound craft to port their helm and steer direct for the city placed on a hill, the promontory of Weehawken, for there stands a lighthouse well provided with all the creature comforts, near a snug harbor, of which Mynheer Von Pollock is the ancient keeper. To this spot all fond of seeing the feathered tribe do battle royal should hie on the birth of the New Year, for on that day there is to be a feast prepared of flesh and fowl, and on that day a "shake-bag" for a "century" a side will be brought off between Tall John, of Hurlgate, and the Roman-Nosed Gladiator, of ye ancient street called Grand. Remember it well, and let the First of January be celebrated as becomes it.

THE TIDE TURNS.—The following very romantic yet truthful story has just been told us by one who is pretty well posted. It is another proof of the end that awaits all fast young bloods. The hero of the story is John Steele, a young man only twenty-three years of age. By the death of an old lady named Widow McClintock, who died from the effects of burns received while kindling a fire with crude oil, he came in possession of all the old lady's property. The farm of this widow was on Oil Creek, in Venango County, and was known as the widow McClintock farm. It is immediately opposite the flourishing little town of Rouseville, and was amongst the first of the oil producing farms of the valley. Early in 1863 the Van Slyke well, on this farm, was struck, and flowed for some time at the rate of 2,500 barrels per day, and several wells yielding from 200 to 800 barrels were struck at subsequent periods. In 1864 the widow died, and at this time the average daily income from the landed interest of the farm was $2,000, and by her will the property, with all her possession in money, was left, without reservation, to her adopted son, young Steele. In the iron safe where the old lady kept her money was found $150,000, two-thirds of the amount in greenbacks and the balance in gold. Mrs. McClintock was hardly cold in her coffin before young Steele, who appears to have had nothing naturally vicious in his composition, was surrounded by a set of vampyres, who clung to him as long as he had a dollar remaining. The young millionaire's head was evidently turned by his good fortune, as has been that of many an older man who made his pile in oil, and he was of the impression that his money would accumulate too rapidly unless it was actually thrown away, and throw it away he did. Many of the stories concerning his career in this city and Philadelphia savor strongly of fiction, and would not be credited were they not so well authenticated. Wine, women, horses, faro and general debauchery soon made a wreck of that princely fortune, and in twenty months Johnny Steele squandered two millions of dollars. He lost in this city, at faro, over $100,000 in two nights; he bought high-priced turn-outs, and after driving around an hour or two, gave them away. He organized the Skiff & Gaylord Minstrels, and put them on the road in tip-top shape. He traveled with the company for some time, enjoying himself hugely and paying pretty dearly for his experience in the show business. He lavished upon music hall performers of the female persuasion the most costly presents. To a popular vocalist engaged at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, and who caught his eye, he gave a $3,000 diamond ring and squandered his money in a like manner upon other members of the profession. He is now, we are told, filling the position of door keeper for Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels, the company he organized, and is, to use a very expressive but not strictly classical phrase, completely "played out." The wealth obtained by those who worked so assiduously to effect Steele's ruin gave little permanent benefit to its possessors. The person most brazen and chiefly instrumental in bringing about the present condition of affairs is said to be Seth Slocum, who hung around Meadville, Pa., several weeks last summer. He was worth at one time over $100,000, which he had "captured" from Steele, and laid aside for a rainy day, but when the latter's money vanished, this amount soon took unto itself wings, and he is at present known among his old associates as a gone coon. At last accounts Slocum was incarcerated in the jail of a neighboring county for various breaches of the peace, and was unable to obtain bail in the sum of $500. Exemplifications these of the old adage, "easy come, easy go," or that other, "fools and their money are soon parted." The farm was sold recently for taxes due the Government.

RATS.—It has been discovered that rats can be got rid of by covering the floor near the rathole with a thin layer of moist caustic potash; when the rats walk on this it makes their feet sore; these they lick with their tongues, it makes their mouths sore, and the result is that they shun this locality, not alone, but appear to tell all the neighboring rats about it, and eventually the house is entirely abandoned by them, notwithstanding the neighborhood may be teeming with rats.

AT JEROME PARK RACE COURSE at Fordham, N. Y., a skating festival is to take place on Christmas Day, providing Jack Frost is well disposed; and to this end the President of the American Jockey Club, August Belmont, has issued an invitation to the members of said club and their fair friends to disport themselves on the ice on that occasion.

Amateur.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, gave a performance on the 19th, of the "Dead Heart," this being the sixth night of the season. During the past summer they have traveled extensively through the country, performing at Frankford, Trenton, Lancaster, &c. The "Dead Heart" was performed in a very acceptable manner, a correspondent informs us, Messrs. MacCollin, Wallace, Vincent, Andrews, Hullish, &c., doing ample justice to their respective parts. Miss Vernon as Catharine Duval was not good. Miss Shirney speaks too low, or she would have made an excellent Corriette. The minor characters were weak; Reboul, by Mr. Herman, was too heavy, and Mr. Francis sang the 'Marseillaise Hymn' in an execrable manner. 'The Rivals' and 'Iron Mask' are underlined."

A COMPANY called the "Warren Combination," consisting of a number of amateurs, intend giving a performance of the "Cottage Girl" and "Toodles" on Christmas evening, at Union Hall, Williamsburg, L. I.

HOGGISH.—Among the packages and other matters carried by Adam's Express on Dec. 18, from New York City to Philadelphia, was a wooden cage, containing a live porker, decorated with ribbons, and having this inscription "To Mrs. John Drew's Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., from Smith & Baker's New York Theatre. Original Pig for Griffith Gaunt." His porcine lordship looked immensely pleased at the curiosity of which he was the object.

DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN TROTTER.—The sorrel mare Violetta, formerly called Lady Shaw, died at the stable of her owner, J. E. Maynard, in Boston, on the 21st. She was seven years old, and trotted a mile under saddle in 2:34.

AMUSEMENTS.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Admission 50 cts.
DOORS OPEN AT 7. BEGINS AT 7½.
Monday Evening, Dec. 24,
and every evening, and Christmas and Saturday Matinee, the eminent Comedian
MR. JOHN E. OWENS,
will unite in one entertainment his original and amusing personation of the
LIVE INDIAN AND SOLON SHINGLE.
The performance will commence with the
PEOPLE'S LAWYER.
JOHN E. OWENS, ... as ..... Solon Shingle
To conclude with the Extravaganza of the
LIVE INDIAN.
Tom Brown, Mme. Kriuohna, Kin-ne-no-ne-aw, Mr. OWENS.
CHRISTMAS, at half-past one, GRAND MATINEE.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager ..... WM. WHEATLEY
MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 24, 1866,
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH PERFORMANCE
OF
THE BLACK CROOK,
with the
PARISIENNE BALLET TROUPE,
AND THE
GORGEOUS TRANSFORMATION SCENE.
On this occasion it will be presented with
NEW COSTUMES, NEW MUSIC, NEW DANCES,
GRAND DAY PERFORMANCE
CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON AT 1 O'CLOCK.
ADMISSION TO MATINEE.
Parquet and Dress Circle $1
Family Circle 50c
Curtain rises at night at 7½; Matinee at 1 o'clock.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY.

NEW YORK THEATRE.
Lessees and Managers ..... MARK SMITH & LEWIS BAKER.
GREAT SUCCESS
OF THE
PARISIAN FAIRY SPECTACLE
OF
CENDRILLON,
Under the immediate supervision of
MISS SALLIE A. HINCKLEY.
A COMPLETE CORPS DE BALLET OF FIFTY LADIES,
AND A
POWERFUL CAST.
THE FIVE SENSES.
THE MARCH OF CUPID,
THE GROTTO OF GLOW-WORMS,
THE DIAMONDTURES,
THE SHOWER OF GOLD.
THE FAIRY KINGDOM.
GRAND CENDRILLON MATINEE,
SATURDAY, DEC. 29.
CHRISTMAS MATINEE, TUESDAY, Dec. 25th, at 2 o'clock.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
LEONARD GROVER ..... DIRECTOR
GRAND CARNIVAL FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 25,
first time in America, Watts Phillips' very celebrated and Grand Spectacular Drama,
THE HUGUENOT CAPTAIN,
with elaborate scenery, gorgeous costumes, delightful music, romantic accessories, and a grand cast.
First appearance at this theatre of
MR. CHARLES BARRON.
YOUNG AMERICA. YOUNG AMERICA.
First appearance this season of the very celebrated
GRAND GERMAN OPERA CHORUS.
GRAND BALLET OF THE ZINGARAS.
Mr. CHARLES BARRON in the romantic character of RENE DE PARDILLON, THE HUGUENOT CAPTAIN.
Mr. STODDART as the valiant SERGEANT LOCUST.
Reappearance of the favorite actress,
MISS KATE NEWTON as JUNIATA, THE ZINGARA.

WINTER GARDEN.
ENGAGEMENT OF
EDWIN BOOTH,
AND
MAPLETZEK'S GRAND ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE.
Tuesday Evening and Wednesday Afternoon,
EDWIN BOOTH AS RICHELIEU.
Wednesday Evening,
UN BALLO IN MASCHERA.
Thursday Afternoon,
BOOTH AND OPERATIC MATINEE
FOR THE BENEFIT OF J. W. LINGARD.
Friday Evening,
THE BARBER OF SEVILLE.
Saturday Evening,
JOINT APPEARANCE OF
EOGUMIL DAWISON
AND
EDWIN BOOTH
IN OTHELLO.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE,
201 BOWERY, (opposite Spring street)
GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,
LITTLE TOM TUCKER
LITTLE TOM TUCKER
THE GOOD LITTLE BOY WHO SANG FOR HIS SUPPER;
OR,
LITTLE MATTIE HAD A HEN, IT LAID EGGS FOR GENTLEMEN.
GRAND EFFECTS, COMIC TRICKS AND TRANSFORMATIONS, New Scenery, Costumes, Music, Appointments.
Little Tom Tucker, Harlequin ..... J. Wild
Old Daddy Grimes, Pantaloon ..... Jos. Whitfield
Old Granny Grump, Clown ..... J. W. Collier
Little Mattie, Columbine ..... Mlle. Bertha
NEW SONGS BY TONY PASTOR.
A choice bill of novelties by the Great Variety Troupe. Upon CHRISTMAS DAY there will be a grand Extra Performance at 2½ in the afternoon.
MATINEE ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS,
720 BROADWAY 720.
GRAND HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.

New Overture,	FIRST APPEARANCE	Continued rush
New Ballads,	OF LITTLE MAC.	for secured
New Chorus,	ICI L'ON PARLE.	Seats. The im-
New Music,	FRANCAIS or JOCKO,	mense company
New Comedy,	THE GREAT LEON,	in new fea-
New Dances,	THE GREAT LEON,	tures every
New Quartet,	SCHMITT MIT A Y.	week. The Or-
New Songs,	LONFANTE DANCE.	chestra, the
New Jokes,	THE GREAT LEON.	Quintet, the
New Hits,	THE GREAT LEON.	Ballads and
New Ballet,	SINGS THE NEW	Burlesques this
New Acts,	PAREPA WALTZ,	week surpasses
New Solos.	L'ESTASI L'ESTASI.	any bill yet.

In active preparation, the torrid spectacle of CINDER-LE-ON.

NO HUMBUGS!!
LLOYD & BIDAUX'S MINSTRELS,
THE BEST BAND EVER ORGANIZED.
Being a second edition of
LLOYD'S MINSTRELS,
at Niblo's, New York, in 1861. And a
SUPERIOR DOUBLE BRASS BAND.
THE BEST QUARTETTE
EVER IN A MINSTREL TROUPE.
THE BEST CLOG DANCERS IN THE WORLD.
THE BEST BASSO PROFUNDO IN THE PROFESSION!
THE BEST BARITONE SINGER
IN THE UNITED STATES.
THE GREAT TENOR SINGER—NONE SUPERIOR AND FEW EQUALS FOR SKILL IN VOCALIZATION.
THE GREAT COMEDIANS,
BONES AND TAMBORINE.
None can surpass them for
WIT, HUMOR,
AND DELINEATION OF NEGRO CHARACTER.
THE BEST AND MOST ACCOMPLISHED INTERLOCUTOR IN THE WORLD.
His last composition was
"THE FLAG OF GREEN."
TEN TALENTED MUSICIANS,
LED BY THE BEST MAESTRO IN THE UNIVERSE.
The first Rehearsal of this Monster Troupe will take place JANUARY 10TH, 1867.
WANTED—A fine ALTO SINGER. None but those of acknowledged ability need apply—we want no inferior people in this Band. Apply to SIGNOR GUSTAVO BIDAUX, from 8 to 10 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M., St. Charles Hotel, Broadway, room 57. 38-1t*

SAUL SERTREW,
THE POPULAR SONG WRITER,
38-13t* 127 Amity street, New York.

TO MANAGERS.
A Respectable Young Man desires a Situation in a Traveling Company in any capacity, or would take an interest. Address
38-1t* PROFESSION, Station G.

AMUSEMENTS.

CONNER & CO.'S
DRAMATIC, MUSICAL, EQUESTRIAN, PURCHASING AN COSTUME AGENCY REMOVED TO
534 BROADWAY.

Artists wanted at all times.
No connection with any other Agency.
38-1tc JAS. CONNER & CO.

CONNER & CO.'S DRAMATIC AGENCY, 534 BROADWAY, offers for sale the following list of new and scarce plays: Inshavogue, Cast on the Mercies of the World, Rosedale, Arra'n Na Pogue, Ice Witch, Peep O' Day, Money and Misery, Dream of Destiny, East Lynne, Leah, Streets of New York, and all of MADAME CELESTE'S PIECES.
Also, TONY DENIER'S PARLOR PANTOMIMES.
The Art of Acting, Guide to the Stage, Amateurs' Guide, etc. 1tc

COSTUMES! COSTUMES!! COSTUMES!!!
For supplying
FANCY BALLS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE PARTIES.
THE GREAT COSTUME DEPOT, AT 534 BROADWAY,
will soon be open for exhibition. The most gorgeous sett of costumes that has ever been offered to the public. Give us a call.
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
Dramatic Agents,
38-1tc 534 Broadway.

HARRY LESLIE,
THE GREAT SENSATION
HERO OF NIAGARA FALLS,
And
ONE OF THE MOST DARING ARTISTS IN THE COUNTRY,
and now playing a
VERY SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT
at
SEAVER'S OPERA HOUSE,
Williamsburgh, L. I.,
can be engaged for a season of six or twelve nights, in first class Theatres.
SPECTACULAR BUSINESS, DRAMAS,
SENSATION PIECES, COMEDIES,
and the wonderful TIGHT ROPE. Managers will please apply to
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
Dramatic Agents,
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GREAT ORIGINAL DRAMATIC AGENCY,
534 BROADWAY, OPPOSITE BARNUM'S MUSEUM.
All letters must contain postage stamps to secure a reply.
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
Dramatic Agents,
38-1tc 534 Broadway, opposite Barnum's Museum.

THE GREAT SHADOW PANTOMIME,
Now playing in the principal places of amusement in New York, can be gotten up for Parlor Entertainments. For sale at
38-1tc JAMES CONNER & CO.'S, 534 Broadway.

WANTED.
LADY VOCALISTS, DANSEUSES,
And a full Variety Company for a Southern Theatre, to commence immediately. Apply to
JAS. CONNER & CO.,
Dramatic Agents,
38-1tc 534 Broadway, N. Y.

OLYMPIC THEATRE,
NEW ORLEANS.
Managers ..... SOUTHERLAND & BEAMER
The above establishment will open on or about the 1st of January, with a first class VARIETY COMPANY, selected with great care by
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
Dramatic Agents,
534 Broadway, New York.
The company sailed on Saturday, Dec. 22d, in the steamer General Mead. 38-1tc

THE SHADOW PANTOMIME.
Mother Goose in a Shadow Pantomime. Dialogue, figures, and everything complete to form a Miniature Theatre for Parlor Amusement.
Sent post paid on receipt of 25 cents.
THOS. YATES,
118 Allen street, New York.
Agents wanted everywhere. 38-1t*

WAX FIGURES FOR SALE.
TEN WAX HEADS in first rate order, of prominent persons, among which is John H. Surratt, Mrs. Surratt and Daughter, etc.; also five bodies with dresses for the ten. Wigs and hands. The entire lot will be sold for $100, cash.
Can be seen by calling at the Clipper Office, on
38-tf T. ALLSTON BROWN.

L. M. W. STEERE would like a situation as Agent or Bill Poster for some good company. Inquire of
38-1t* T. ALLSTON BROWN, Clipper Office.

M'LLE. ADAH ISAACS MENKEN,
(MRS. JAMES BARKLEY.)
At the conclusion of her present engagement at the
THEATRE DE LA GAITIE, PARIS,
will play in New York, previous to her return to California.
38-tf Letters care of FRANK QUEEN, Esq.

TO MANAGERS.
THE SENSATION STAR,
MISS ADAH INEZ MONTCLAIN,
The dauntless and fascinating equestrienne, and most accomplished horsewoman in America, with her
HIGHLY EDUCATED STEED MINEHAHA,
In conjunction with Mr. Andrew S. Newton, the equestrian gymnastic artist, together with the celebrated performing horse Alexander. Managers wishing to secure the services of this beautiful and accomplished artist will address all letters to her sole agent MR. GEORGE CLARK, Clipper Office, N. Y.
38-1t* MR. ANDREW S. NEWTON, Equestrian Director.

OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL, New Orleans,
74 ST. CHARLES STREET, 74
BOB HART & BEAMER ..... Proprietors
GRAND OPENING NIGHT—MONDAY, DEC. 31ST, 1866,
With the BEST COMBINATION OF ARTISTS ever presented to the New Orleans public, consisting of
THE MOST FINISHED DANCERS,
THE SWEETEST VOCALISTS,
THE FINEST ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS,
THE BEST ACROBATS AND GYMNASTS,
THE MOST COMICAL PANTOMIMISTS,
SENSATION COMIC SINGERS,
ECCENTRIC IRISH COMEDIANS,
MAGNIFICENT BALLET, &c., &c.,
The whole forming a constellation of stars seldom equalled and never excelled in this or any other city.
Special Notice to Performers.—We give no matinees or special performances on every imaginary holiday. Talent of acknowledged ability will be liberally treated with through their agents
MESSRS. CONNER & CO., 534 Broadway, N. Y.
BOB HART, Business Manager. 38-5t*

C. AMORY BRUCE.
The Nashville *Gazette*, of Dec. 9th, says in reference to this go-ahead man:—
"YE WORKING AGENT of the Hanlons leaves to-day for Memphis, and we take pleasure in commending him to the press of that city. Since his sojourn in this city, we have found him an agreeable, genial gentleman, and without any exaggeration, one of the very best workers we have ever met. He has been incessant in his efforts to advance the interests of the Hanlons, and we are satisfied has worked the thing up to a complete success. The manager that employs him as an 'avant courrier,' is lucky indeed." 38-1t*

THE LATEST PARISIAN NOVELTIES.
PARLOR FIREWORKS.
DEVIL'S TEARS. 75 cts. A wonderful curiosity (will ignite only in water), representing the fiery tears which Satan shed when cast forth to meet his doom.
METEORIC SHOWERS. 50 cts. A most delicate and beautiful display of the celestial orbs.
TABLEAU LIGHTS. 50 cts. Showing Mt. Vesuvius in miniature.
FALLING STARS. 50 cts. Shown in all the rays of the Rainbow.
BLAZING VAPORS. 50 cts. A most astonishing, amusing, though HARMLESS CONFLAGRATION,

DON JUAN IN AMERICA.

Written Expressly for the *N. Y. Clipper.*

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[☞ OWING TO the large demand for the CLIPPER containing the opening stanzas of our new poem, "Don Juan," we have concluded to republish those stanzas in this issue, so that our friends who were unable to procure last week's issue, may find the opening, as well as a second instalment, in this week's No.—ED. CLIP.]

PREFACE TO DON JUAN IN AMERICA.

Perhaps some persons will be inclined to criticise the moral tone of my verses. They are welcome to do so. Swift, Smollet, Fielding, Moore (in his jucier days) and Byron, stand not lower in the estimate of mankind for having trodden the forbidden ground whereon Mrs. Grundy sees frightful things. Therefore why should I, a nameless scribbler, hesitate?

In the First Canto I represent the Prince of Wales, with my hero, as arriving in New York from England. In point of fact Albert Edward touched first at Boston (a city on the Massachusetts coast), but it was such a silly proceeding on his part that I could not consent to let it pass into rhyme.

Sickly sentimentalism has gained such complete control over American literature that something saucy (such as I have endeavored to write) may prove an agreeable change to the reading public. Be that as it may, the work is submitted (*not* at the "request of many friends") without a cringing appeal to the mercy of the critics and without an apology to any body.

CANTO I.

I.

Don Juan lives! This is no foolish fiction—
The simple truth I tell and nothing more,
This hero—history fears no contradiction—
Was doomed to suffer on a Northern shore
The penalty of death. That last infliction
Two others shared—a murderer and a—bore.
In Sweden 'twas, a land once famed for Sagas,
And in more times for ruta-bagas.

II.

The case was this: Don Juan loved, not wisely
But many times too well, the king's own daughter;
Some say his wife, and some his mistress; nicely
The matter I've explored; it seems they caught her—
(Of course they caught him, too, and in precisely
The same predicament, but didn't slaughter
Upon the spot) they caught them *in flagrante Delicto*—which but means in clothing scanty.

III.

So, for the crime of being over-warm,
The lover was condemned to be quite frozen.
A sort of Hyperborean Moral Reform
School, which is to our own a second cousin,
Upon the shortest notice raised a storm
Of ice and snow—enough to freeze a dozen—
Then over Juan's most devoted head
They poured the mixture till he seemed stone dead.

IV.

Now this strange process—keeping men alive
Without their breath, pulsations and such things—
Is known to very few; in fact just five:
These are, myself, two doctors and two kings;
I place myself there first because I strive
To imitate the classic bard who sings
Ego et rex; 'twas common for a Roman
To place himself above a king or woman.

V.

For fifty years Don Juan slept a sleep
As near like death as what's not death can be,
And then the doctor thawed him out; I keep
A diary of events, and plainly see
By reference to it that this slumber deep,
Instead of lasting through eternity,
Was broken up in '59, on Monday
Succeeding (I'm a churchman) Easter Sunday.

VI.

Supposing you should lose your friends and debtors,
Your money, and all things that are of you,
Including time, your rum, your wife, and letters,
Would you not raise, I ask, "a devilish stew?"
Would you not wish that death would bind his fetters
Next time so fast that nothing could undo
His work? Don Juan didn't; it was plain
He sought with glee our mundane sphere again.

VII.

But one event filled him with lasting woe—
Poor Byron, his biographer, was dead;
He whose last days reflected glory's glow
On all the past, had laid his peerless head
To rest; no more his pungent pen might show
Mankind their follies; his great soul had fled
Into the Silent Land, where soon or later
We all must go—the Good Book is my data.

VIII.

Don Juan made resolve to seek the land
That Shelley says is "like an eagle whose
Young gaze feeds on the noon-tide beams." He planned
A trip with six companions for the cruise
Across the big fish pond. I understand
He left behind some little unpaid dues,
And to save myself from dunning bills exacting,
I'll state I pay no debts of his contracting.

IX.

Of his companions three were men; we'll let
Them slide, for men are not romantic themes;
A man in verse is like a worthless debt,
Easy to get but hard to use. Pope deems
An honest man God's noblest work. I set
A handsome woman higher up. It seems
To me that beauty is the grandest thing
That we may seek, or of which poets sing.

X.

So for the women: one was rather small,
But plump as quails should be when served on toast;
And being young and Spanish, she had all
The fiery blood warm countries give. To roast
The Spaniards in the Hereafter I should call
Absurd, because the sun upon their coast
Makes them so hot that, with a friend or two,
Hell's smoke itself could scarcely turn them blue.

XI.

The second was a portlier dame from France,
Whose great dark eyes swam oft with passion's fire,
Whose splendid bosom heaved it but a glance
From manly eyes were cast upon her: dire
Confusion Don created gazing askance
Upon this beauty, who could boast a sire
That some said ought to take the place of Louis
Napoleon, he being a greater rouse.

XII.

The third was modest and American
(Our country's famed for modesty, you know),
And yet romantic admiration ran
Thro' all her thoughts for Juan, and a glow
Sometimes suffused her cheeks, and yet a man
Would vote her at a glance as pure as snow,
And cold as are the blasts of bleak December;
And she moreover was a good church-member.

XIII.

'Tis somewhat odd, but in my grave researches
I find the black sheep in most Christian flocks
Do much exceed the white. Of course the churches
Are not to blame, for if a brother knocks
They're bound to let him in, e'en if there lurches
Some little sin behind his prayers. The *rocks*
On which his house is built will gain him access
Tho' he tell a monstrous lie to the assessor of taxes.

XIV.

But this young lady pleased our hero greatly—
She had the comeliest of comely shapes,
A pretty dignity, not over stately,
And breasts that called to mind ripe luscious grapes
In this, that being *pressed* they (cool but lately)
Became (unlike stone works by jackanapes)
As full of fire as is Italian wine.
(That simile is new and wholly mine).

XV.

The party went to France; then crossed the channel,
And there discovered that the Prince of Wales,
Accompanied by some lord wise as Daniel,
Proposed to meet the Ocean's gusty gales
To see the "boasting bloody Yanks," who span all
America that's worth the having; tales
Had reached His Highness of the Hospitality
Of city governments in that locality.

XVI.

And so the Don and friends deemed it advisable
To travel in the company of him
Who is the oldest son of the most sizeable
Queen England ever had. This later limb
Of the Royal Family may be more wise, able
And brilliant than his ma; may have more vim,
But she's a woman with a heart as great
As ever beat beneath the robes of state.

XVII.

They started in the glorious summer's prime,
The Baron Renfrew and my hero Juan,
With all the women entered in my rhyme,
Besides one other who is quite a new one:
Her *personnel* will be described in time,
Together with six more; the poem's a true one,
And I have forty heroines in store for you,
And if they take I'll bring out forty more for you.

XVIII.

When three days out at sea, sickness all over,
His Royal Highness, partly for the sport
And partly because he wished to play the rover,
And partly for that he was full of port,
Resolved to be the true accepted lover
Of our pretty Yankee friend; he paid her court
For four and twenty hours, and then he thought
'Twas time that he received the favors sought.

XIX.

I forgot to say that she was married; he
Who husbanded this luscious lump of beauty
Was rich as Crœsus—howe'er rich that be,
(I wonder if old Crœsus paid his duty
And income tax with becoming promptness?), she
Had sold herself for money, and a booty
Her liege lord got that should have satisfied
The most fastidious buyer of a bride.

XX.

'Tis odd that in our country democratic
We almost worship royalty's old shoes;
Our theoretic wisdom is Socratic,
Yet in our snobbishness we "beat the Jews."
Of course my condemnation is emphatic
Of all such things, but still I know my views
Are not endorsed in Shoddy's creed of action,
And he is bold who differs from *that* faction.

XXI.

And this young lady heard each flattering word
That fell from Albert Edward's princely maw,
And in good truth her tender heart was stirred,
And the seventh commandment of the Mosaic law
Was half forgot. Let it not be inferred
That in her morals there was any flaw;
A reflection of that sort had been a libel,
She'd simply lost her memory and her Bible.

XXII.

Yet Juan figured in her naughty dreams
More prominently than this kingly scion.
Dreams are a strange phenomena; it seems
As though the unconscious spirit liked to fly on
Forbidden ground. One night her frightened screams
Awoke her lord; she had dreamed the British Lion
Was in the bed, she said;—(a pretty fancy,
Quite worthy of a poem by my cousin Nancy.)

XXIII.

Her husband laughed, and turned, and shortly slept,
But she slept not; some noise had roused the lady
As of a man who near her bedside crept—
(The dream was meant to keep her husband shady)—
But she was really frightened; still she kept
A sharp look-out, and partly wished already
That it might be the Don on love-work bent,
Tho' of this wish she shortly did repent.

XXIV.

A hand (it might have been a ghost's but was not)
Was reached towards her and a low rich voice
Said, "Come, my darling, follow me and pause not—
Make your poor lover's saddened heart rejoice;
Seek not with foolish tongue to know the cause; not
T' obey would but create an ugly noise,
So come." She rose and followed this strange visitor
Like a martyr going to death with the Inquisitor.

XXV.

And that "strange visitor" was Juan; he,
With all the boldness of his younger days,
Had with the lady's state-room keys made free
And (of course I say it to the man's dispraise)
He thought, by what he heard and saw, that she
Would not be much displeased by his odd ways
In getting up what's called (First Title, Section
Two—New York Statutes) criminal connection.

XXVI.

He took her dainty little hand and led
Her to his room, wherein there shone a light
That only dimly round its lustre shed;
(These steamship lamps at best are not too bright).
She sighed and blushed, then blushed and sighed and said:
"Your conduct, sir, is very far from right."
Her glance tho' was not fierce enough to banish
A lover who was chivalric and Spanish.

XXVII.

One hand he placed about her supple waist,
The other barely touched her bosom's snow;
She being *en dishabille* (that means unlaced)
Found that she could not much resist, and so,
When of his amorous kisses she'd a taste,
Her cheeks suffused with such a girlish glow
That Juan swore she was the loveliest lady
That ever lived, except his long-lost Haidee.

XXVIII.

O love! grand blessing of life's poor existence,
Thou stand'st alone a lordly monarch blest;
All other passions seem unwelcome visitants,
For thou, like Aaron's snake, doth swallow the rest;
Thou scornest time and tide, locks, chains and distance;
Thou art a king, in Heaven's own purple dress;
A despot, too, to fling thy fierce defiances
At even matrimonial affiances.

XXIX.

Perhaps 'twere well to state that verse was written
When I myself was very deep in love,
But she by whom my tender heart was smitten—
(I called her in my poems "a pretty dove")
Gave me one night a most unwelcome *mitten*,
(I much prefer an Alexandre glove);
And since that time the chubby cherub Cupid
Has seemed to me most wonderfully stupid.

XXX.

But this is not my story; to proceed—
The Don was roused by passion's quenchless fires,
And all the lady's charms served not to feed
But simply to increase his hot desires.
"Love shoots a honeyed dart"—that's poetry's creed,
(But poets are most intolerable liars);
It should have read that Love is apt to send a
Twice-pointed shaft; in fact, a double-ender;—

XXXI.

One for the man; one for the woman; it
Is not my purpose to be metaphysical—
My muse prefers to dabble in small wit
And utter now and then a sentence quizzical,
And if, by any blunder she should flit
To heights Parnassian, where the brain grows dizzy, call
Her down, I pray you, to her proper place—
She plays the deuce, hence cannot claim the ace.

XXXII.

But what I wished to say was simply this:
That she whose virtue I have herein vaunted
Was not to blame if she returned a kiss,
And could not help it if she sighed and panted;
That double-dart had struck her heart, and bliss
Untold was hers; no wonder that she granted
This saucy lover some unusual favors,
For stolen pleasures have most exquisite flavors.

XXXIII.

Her eyes beamed tenderly with love's soft light—
Her night dress being somewhat out of place
Displayed a shoulder plump and snowy white—
A pretty contrast to her blushing face—
Then Juan hugged her closer; true she might
Have got away, but 'twas a trying case;
Besides, my moral friends, you see I am her
Defender, hence I beg you not to damn her.

XXXIV.

Her name (I quite forgot to say) was Mary;
No matter what the surname was; no good
Would come of telling that; I'll keep it chary
For fear some writer in sensation mood
Should choose to work it up; and having "nary
A homicide" or other tale of blood
To refresh the taste of each rapacious reader,
Should make of my account a double-leader.

XXXV.

You see it wouldn't do; I pledged my honor
To keep the precious secret well and truly,
And not the horse-and-*Ledger* hero Bonner
Himself could make me "squeal." My Muse's unruly
Enough to call deep curses down upon her,
But when she tries to lie I check her duly—
Truth decks her brow with stainless wreaths of glory;—
But damn the wreaths, the wreaths are not my story.

XXXVI.

I said her eyes beamed tenderly, *et cetera;*
Her bosom fluttered like a frightened bird;
Her hands were moist; her voice was gone, but better a
Sweet sigh or two than any spoken word.
Such is Love's chosen language; every letter a
Warm kiss; each paragraph a hug. Absurd,
You say? Admit it, but 'tis not less pleasant
To all—to man and woman, king and peasant.

XXXVII.

A pretty ankle, cast in finer mould
Than the *Tribune* fellow boasted to have seen
(At Jones' Wood, when standing in the cold
His blood grew warm from gazing on the scene),
Was half displayed half hidden by the fold
Of the lady's night-gown. Juan's sight was keen,
And he discovered this, likewise a leg
That set his fancy whirling up a peg.

XXXVIII.

About her fell luxuriantly her hair,
Bright golden hair, all free and uncontrolled;
It made her fair white skin seem yet more fair.
In all her conduct there was nothing bold
But quite the contrary; a modest air
All unassumed was hers, and yet she told
Her lover by her manner (proper fashion)
That she reciprocated his warm passion.

XXXIX.

It really is so long since last I penned
An amorous poem, that I'm at loss to know
How far I may describe and not offend
The fastidious taste of modest folks. My flow
Of "blarney" is too great, I apprehend,
But still the history must be wrought, and so,
I give you warning that the next two verses,
If you are prudish, will invoke your curses.

TO BE CONTINUED.

☞ HARDING WILL RUN FITZPATRICK'S MAN.—In reply to the challenge from Valatia, Columbia county, N. Y., to the effect that Mike Fitzpatrick has a man open to run any other man a five mile race, W. E. Harding writes that as soon as money is posted—not less than $50—he will be prepared to cover it, and run the Valatia man, win or lose with Rowan, and for any amount he likes, from $1000 up. If Fitzpatrick means business, he will make good, if not, not. We here add, that a reply to Harding must be accompanied with the "sugar" to insure attention.

A "MERRY MILL" IN THE "HOME CIRCUIT:"

As Seen by One Who Knows all About "This Sort of Thing."

You have heard at Myc'arboyevergreen's [referring to Evans', as the Cockneys call it, in Covent Garden,] Cave of Harmony—where old portraits of old actors and actresses, rare "old masters" and rare copies of the same are apt, in the nightmare which prances on the chest of hot supper eating folk, to jumble themselves up together in queer confusion, with the "March of the Men of Harlech," the "Chough and Crow," Integer vitæ, &c., and Welsh rarebits, kidneys and potatoes—as much melody, and have seen as many woeful examples of the effects of glees and late hours on the complexions and constitutions of small boys as is good for you. We have to go down to the "mill" in an hour or two. It is as well, therefore, if you come along with me out into the street, up the stairs and under the rotting-vegetable-smelling piazza, towards my garret, which I, by a pleasing euphemism, call chambers, in Lamb and Flag Inn, Fleet street. I have a black bottle half full of good old Irish whiskey. There's not a headache—but don't believe it, all the same, unless you like—in a hogshead of it. So, at least, says my intimate acquaintance and secret aversion, Brian Boroihme Mulligan, who lives opposite to me, and has infected me with the history of all the old Irish kings in his "early-in-the-morning-merrily-oh!" tracings of his own particular antediluvian pedigree.

Imprimis, the fire is out. Secondly, you are as nearly drunk as a gentleman need be. You go to sleep in my chair, therefore, and wake up to find yourself very dry in the mouth, very stiff about the neck, and very much inclined to curse the P. R., me, and your own bad liver simultaneously. No matter. Here are two cups of very indifferent coffee, a little less than a pint of some very fair Jamieson's whiskey, some tobacco, which has an awkward knack of fizzing when first lighted, and depositing strong oil in the bowl of your pipe when drawn—all the luxuries of the season, you see—and you are a "gentleman sportsman," and with pink eyes and a nice incipient sore throat, you are going down to see "a merry mill in the home circuit." You think you will enjoy yourself. God help you, dear boy. The leaves on hope's tree are still grass green.

"Will it be waterwork this journey?" hours ago you asked Ould Tat Bangham [Nat Langham]. To your infinite relief you find the fight will come off—so they say—Tilbury way, and for once the managers of the thing are pretty sure of bringing it off in one ring, and you will go by rail. So they said and you believe them. The "office" is five o'clock, A. M., sharp, and the station is Fenchurch street. You have a ticket and you have backed young Bullethead at 6 to 4 in sovs., and already you begin to feel yourself, in spirit at least, as much like a prize fighter that can't fight but is still "knowing," as possible. You know you have got the right "office," because young Mittens—who knows all the fighting men and takes ring lions by the button-hole, and calls them "Joe" and "Tommy," just as if the much talked of millenium had come and the lion was going to have a friendly quartern and "three outs" with the lamb and so forth—has told you so. Your coffee has brightened you up. You have also had a "nip" of whiskey and begin to talk of fights you never saw and bets you never laid, and to feel like "a Corinthian"—whatever that useful person to ring introduction writers may be—and so forth. Button up your coat and start. The enemy is flying. In the street once more. Very foggy look the gaslights—very dozy the policemen, one and all of whom are perfectly well aware that all these cabs rattling over the stones eastward, with whiskerless men inside and out, portend a coming mill. Hi! Hansom! Fenchurch street!

You see a crowd containing the worst part of Whitechapel's unsuccessful larceny, out all night for an off chance. You see Jew boys, who divide the day's time between loafing about fried fish shops, "gaffing" for coppers and picking countrymen's pockets at Shoreditch station. You see the faces of fighting men you know—men quiet, snugly shaven, stolid, better dressed this morning than usual, crowding round the door exchanging nods and one syllable sort of chit-chat with good-looking, good-tempered, wideawake Mr. Twentyonemilesall [Charley Westhall], of the London's Alarum, to whom this sort of thing is an every day business, with bustling Mr. Quartermile Bullrush [Harry Reed], of the Larking Existence, the quickest performer in his day at his distance, but who, owing to increasing years and weight, has abandonad pedestrianism for what is sometimes—late o' nights—called "literature." You see "roughs" getting ready for a rush—and a ride for nothing under the seat, to be pulled out by what little hair of their heads a county crop has left them long before the train—of course, much after time—glides out of the station midst much whistling and shouting out of "Are you all right, Teddy?" from gentlemen who have missed their "pals." You squeeze through somehow and are on the platform. "Who's that," say you, "in the fur cap with lappets to cover his ears, making him look, with his shaven face, like an old Crusader in his casque?" Of course, you think this morning every man in a fur cap is a fighting man. You never made a greater mistake in your life. Fur cap No. 1 is a sporting stock broker, who will see this fight and be back to business in Bull and Bear Court later on in the day, after backing the wrong man, as usual, and paying half a sovereign for a stool to a commercial-minded fighting man, who asks his opinion deferentially, and calls him "captain," of course.

That keen-eyed, well-made, brown-faced man there is Jem Nutmeg (Mace), ex-champion, and cleverest "pug" of all the lot in the ring, with a glossy hat on his rather large head, and a huge ring on his little finger, looking infinitely more respectable, so far as his "get up" goes, than half a dozen sucking swells, hard smoking medical students, law ditto, and an odd journalist or two for a daily paper, who think it necessary, because they are going to a fight, to look rowdyish, disguise themselves in queer caps, and make up like "third ruffians" in a bad piece over the water. He will second the Newgate Knocker, who is just getting into a carriage with the "unpurchased and never defeated" Merry Sun (Jerry Noon), the "funny man" of ring-goers, whose whiskers, in the lack of any better topic, furnish his jovial brother ex-pugilists with matter for chaff when the early morning dew has, as alleged, changed the color and spoilt the curl of those appendages to that keen, leery face of his. That oldish looking man with the huge chain, like that of a pantomime king, shrewd eyes, and half-fighting, half-circus-clown-in-plain-clothes-looking man, who is already greeted with half a dozen invitations to "come here, Joey," is the "peculiar" Joey Cones (Jones), who somehow makes a bit of his living by making a fool of himself on sporting occasions, with a better head on his shoulders, a more ready wit, and a keener knowledge of the fooleries of the people about him than nine-tenths of the excursionists here, who laugh at the sayings and doings of Joey the Peculiar—with a big P, if you please, Mr. Printer.

"Where's Bullethead?" ask half a dozen amateurs, rather hoarse with sitting up all night. Snug in a first class carriage, talking to a "swell" backer and Amalek Sharpe [Alec Keene]—a good man in his day—who, with his good-tempered, black whiskered face and jovial manner, looks more like a sporting farmer than an ex-pugilist. All in at last. The carriage you and I are in contains—besides a young Hebrew, who works for a Whitechapel "sweater," in a greasy black cutaway coat and threadbare cap, and who has lain very still under the seat till the train glides out of the station into the raw morning air—a sporting publican, a comic singer, a nondescript man in a rough coat and shabby plaid trowsers, who drinks rum out of a bottle as though he could never have enough of it, and slangs everybody in the next carriages; a fighting man, with a battered face and short hair turning grey at the sides of his face, and a mild young gentleman, fresh from Cambridge, with an eye glass, who smokes an elaborate meerschaum, and smiles faintly at the "rights merrie jests" of Mr. Nondescript, who volunteers, "Will you love me then as now?" in a voice like that of a bull with bronchitis; the said sentimental song beginning with some very strong language flavored with the "sanguinary adjective," and breaking off with a hiccup and another pull at the rum bottle.

We are going to a fight. But the talk is not much about fighting, barring the preliminary "Is he fit? Aint he—rather? Knocker'll never get on to him. He's a game 'un, is Knocker, though. Can't he stop just? You be blowed. It wont last twenty minutes, I'll lay a dollar. Bullethead's a glutton, I tell yer. Seed him fight the Leicester Square Leafer, I did. Never knows when he's got a bellyful. Can't he give it and take it and get away—rayther? S'help me, his left duke's a grave digger. Make no error. Here's haynham."

No; the talk isn't about fighting. It's about pigeon flying, horse racing, singing linnets, dogs and skittles. "On the nail at nine that 'ere bird was, and"—something in connection with the speaker's eyesight—"if that 'ere bird didn't do his slam-slam, twee-twee-twee beautiful. You be blowed, Mr. Foots" (to the publican), "that 'oss was never meant. It was a moral for the Nobbler. What! that Bluebeard cock o' your'n flew to Brighton, did he? Ain't fit to put into a pigeon pie, I tell yer. Seen Supper's brinelled dawg Bit'em. Eighteen pun' weight; starn like a rush. Genelman Jones ordered Supper a pony for 'im; Supper copped it? Did he, though? Why, ain't that 'ere dawg as good as a karacter to a fancier? Not likely. Fight—can he? A deuced sight better nor you. Got how many floorers, you say? Not likely. Knock 'em down like a bunch o' grapes when they was altogether, and the pins set up right for him. No other way, not he. Ah! you ought to see Ben Churchyard play!" This last remark with a sigh of pity and admiration combined.

All this talk, spoken by different men all at once, is not very intelligible. It will change soon. The nondescript man is talking about the last execution he witnessed. "Knew the bloke well—ever so well? So did I. He used the Pig and Bagpipes. Didn't he? Right you are, guvnor. And a good sort he was, poor chap. Died game, too, didn't he? Rayther. Didn't the lads jest 'jolly' old Calcraft when he came out. Oh! dear, no, not at all. Didn't they whistle and groan, and yell like a lot of Zoological Gardings on the spree? Yot do you know about Calcraft—you in the check breeches, I mean? (this from the stale fighting man, who takes a natural interest in the topic). I tell yer, *I* knows him galore well. Why, he's as good a sort, he is, as any man breathing. I could take yer into his company any day, I could. He'd speak to *me*, he would. He'd see you blow'd fust. Why, I tell yer, if you was in a tap room with him, and you talked about 'angin'—why——it, Calcraft would get up and *leave his ale!* He would, by Jove."

The idea of a man's "leaving his ale" being an argument for his humanity so strong as fairly to knock out of time the nondescript man in the check trousers, the conversation begins to flag. We look languidly out of the window on to the quaggy fields over which the sun is now rising red, and yet half dim, like a drunkard's eye after a night's debauch, when he is fumbling with his latch-key, to the amusement of the rosy, clear-eyed, Welsh milkmaids in the morning.

Hallo! the train's a goin' slower. Now we're a stoppin'. All out! There goes Ned Jolliver, (Fred. Oliver). Come on. Let's follow the ropes and stakes. Who's a goin' to be referee? Twentyonemilesall, perhaps? Not if he can help it, somebody takes a particularly solemn oath, which flavors the fresh morning air with blasphemy. Now for a little hedge and ditch work. There are Mr. Quartermile Bullrush and Mr. Twentyonemilesall walking together and talking confidentially, with a grave, thoughtful expression on each of their manly faces, as though they were holding a Cabinet Council, and hadn't quite settled on the best way of preparing a new Reform Bill. I believe, after all, they are only thinking about what time they will get back to town again, and what "our paper" will look like to-morrow morning, all the same! But then I am an unprivileged outsider, and, as such, have an off chance of being wrong in that conjecture.

There's Mr. Mak Money, handsome, flash, well got up, as usual, and there is a kindred spirit, Mr. Eli Fisco. They've got money on, and consequently seem to take not half as much interest in the matter, to which they are both thoroughly used, as young Wiggins, the medical student, who has just laid five glasses of pale ale to four on Bullethead, and is talking as excitedly to young Coke Lyttleton, of Lincoln's Inn, as if his whole worldly wealth—a colored meerschaum, a few sovereigns, books, some articulated bones, and a case of dissecting instruments—depended on the result.

The ring's pitched. Ring constables in their best clothes, with gutta percha whips, are bustling about. Handfuls of straw and stools are beginning to "move off slowly at prices quoted," viz., half a crown and half a sovereign each respectively, if it can be got. Inner ring tickets don't seem—to carry on city phraseology—part cularly "buoyant." There is the usual chaff, offering of bets, and settling down into places. Then the gallant young Newgate Knocker throws his cap into the ring, amidst loud cheers, and the equally gallant young Bullethead follows his noble example, amidst more. The referee, I forgot to say, has been chosen, after much wrangling and the usual fight between two brother pugilists [Tom and Bos Tyler] who, good fellows though they may be in private life, can't well help, if only for the fun of the thing, getting up a little fraternal row whenever a merry mill is about to come off.

Old fighting men yawn thereat disgustingly. And now the seconds, clever Mr. Nutmeg and facetious Mr. Merry Sun for Knocker, and civil Mr. Gossamer [Joe Goss] and, as will be written-to-morrow morning, "a well known and respected Boniface," for Bullethead. The men and seconds shake hands. Time. Both men—I really don't know why, except that there must really be something irresistibly funny in getting a good "hiding"—come up smiling. The usual "kidding" takes place. Knocker wants to "draw" Bullethead, and Bullethead wants to draw Knocker. But "Jack's as good as his master," so far. I am not going to write a report. That I leave to abler pens than mine—pens more skilled in following good cross-counters, throwings by the back heel, merry rallies, and half-arm hitting on the ropes.

You are looking over your shoulder at some gentleman behind you who is anxious to know what time your watch keeps, and is, consequently—only the right hand in the wrong place—"touching" your pocket a bit. "There! smick! smack. Right on the nose. Got away without a return, too. Devilish clever. First blood to Knocker. Aint it be-u-tiful, sir?"

Bullethead still smiling as though it was getting funnier than ever. Mr. Merry Sun, more facetious than before, makes playful allusions to Bullethead's friends about their taking out a license for Gladstone's claret. Somebody shoves somebody else in the outer ring, and someboby gets into the inner ring roughly and is hammered for his pains on the hat by the heavy whips of the ring constables, with "Come, gentlemen, gent-le-men, *will* you go back further?" Bullethead warms to his work and a sound like a cook beating a tough steak with a rolling pin is heard all over the ring. Down goes Knocker and first knockdown to Bullethead, who goes back to his corner laughing. Time. One man hits short and is countered, then there is a good ding-dong bout till both, tussling for the fall, go down together. Whereupon there is a mad yelling of Whitechapel roughs, a waving of whips, some strong language, and an appeal on the score of Bullethead's gouging to the referee, who smokes his cigar, calmly disregarding it, in spite of awful threats from somebody or other who makes unparliamentary remarks about his, the referee's, liver.

"Fight on!" and they do, "like two thorough good woolled 'uns," as we hear said behind us by an enthusiastic patron of the P. R.

All this, you say, is very disgusting—all this punching and face smashing. Perhaps it is. But is it not better than what we might come to if Englishmen altogether set their faces against the ring and took to knives, knuckle-dusters, up-and-down fighting and the French *savate?* And so the men go at it hammer and tongs, neither getting much advantage till Bullethead throws Knocker heavily. "Hillo! Knocker, old man. How do you like it now?"

Bravo! Bullethead. Did you see that—how like a good fair lad that he is, he nearly wrenched himself, all because he wouldn't spike Knocker in the fall. Bravo! Knocker. Bravo! both! See how well and pluckily, with face bleeding, hands going, and "bellows to mend," Knocker struggles up to the call of time. But it's no use. Bullethead gets the order to force the fighting, and he *does* force it, hitting like a steam-hammer, Knocker falling weaker every round. His eyes are fast closing. The seconds can't well alter it, and he only comes up to be "grassed." Take him away! Nature can do no more. Still he fights on. Another heavy fall. A row, a rush of roughs, and over all the din is heard the sweet voices of the "amiable brothers."

An appeal is now made to the referee, who is shoved hither and thither in spite of the efforts of the better conducted pugilists and the well meant remonstrances of Mr. Bullrush, who stands like a man very pluckily by his colleague. The referee says he will leave the ring. And so he does, regardless of oaths, entreaties, threats—everything—which run off his firm resolve like water off a seal's back. A blackguard, not a fighting man, but a low hanger-on to the P. R., tries to strike Mr. Twentyonemilesall with a "neddy," and is knocked over very properly by a good lefthander by civil, good-tempered Roe Gossamor, who, for all he is a second and a fighting man, is not a ruffian by any manner of means. One or two old retired pugs, Mr. Amalek Sharpe, Mr. Tat Bangham, the Gutta-Percha Potman, Mr. Nob Cobweb (Job Cobley), and one or two more decent men like them—too few nowadays—loudly express their disgust, and the referee says he shall reserve his decision, and the fight is over, and the peculiar Mr. Joey Cones is at liberty to put us all in good humor with his eccentricities, and we trudge back through the mud to the nearest "public," there to drink bitter beer that never saw Burton, and brandy of the finest "B. B." brand.

Meanwhile, in spite of all the confusion, Mr. Quartermile Bullrush has, cool as a cucumber, made some notes for the *Larking Existence*, Mr. Twentyonemilesall has lighted another cigar, and Bullethead and Knocker have got their clothes on, and are viciously chaffing each other.

But, steam's up and all in! is the cry once more. Hey for London town! You have got up early, and are yawning drearily. You have not been assaulted, robbed, or even insulted. You have made your cold worse, perhaps, and you would not object to a warm bath and a barber, and you have paid thirty shillings for your morning's amusement. I hope you have enjoyed it. Here's Fenchurch street once more. Bye, bye!

THE SKATING SEASON.

Who is the Champion Skater?--Have We Any Such?

A "CALL TO SKATES!"

For a number of years, with all our good skaters and all the facilities afforded for the sport in almost every city this side of Mason and Dixon's Line, we cannot call to mind a single match of any importance, and begin to doubt whether we have any professional skaters willing to come forth on ice and not on paper to prove what their friends so ardently assert for them, to wit, that their man is champion, or can beat any man in the country, without for a moment thinking how easy it is to find out whether their confidence is real or pretended, for we care not who the man may be or where he may hail from, let some one come out with any kind of a reasonable challenge, and put up on it, and our word for it a match could be made in a trice, and a treat be thus afforded to our sport loving friends; for who is there of either sex who wouldn't travel any convenient distance to witness a match for the Championship of America between recognized fleet-footed skaters of this or neighboring States, or, if needs be, of Canada, too, where they have such splendid opportunities for practice, and where they ought to be able to pick out a proper representative to take a hand in, or a foot, if you please? What have the A 1's to say on the subject of a sweepstakes for a pair of silver skates, or some similar souvenir, the winner thereof to be designated as Champion, and to hold himself in readiness to skate any man in the country, to meet half way, or give or take expenses? The distance could be fixed upon to suit themselves, from one to five miles straight away races, barring out all attempts at fancy skating and going in for speed alone. This is the only way to find out who's who. We have heard of great time being made on skates—of a Wm. Clarke making his mile in 1:56 in Wisconsin, and Seward doing 30 miles inside the hour in Europe, but they occurred a little too far away for us to be able to warrant them as genuine. Now, we have men who doubt both performances, and are willing to bet that neither can be done. Is there any one prepared to undertake either feat? We pause for a reply. Concerning a three or five mile race, there need be no such risk, for if men have any confidence in themselves at all, they will be willing to come out and prove their identity, and that it is not all talk concerning their extraordinary abilities. On the borders of the Hudson river alone we have almost a dozen "champions," so called, but who are hiding their lights under a bushel. Fishkill has its John Paye and Sanders; Newburgh, Tim Donohue and Bruce; New Hamburgh, Van Sicklin; Union Springs, Henry Carr; New Windsor, Geo. Sherwood; and we might name others equally famous, and all "within range." Let us hear from some of these men if they still claim to be champions, so that we can tell whether they are as good as they say. Speak out!

WHO IS THE STRONGEST MAN?—£1,000 CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD—WHERE IS DR. WINSHIP?—To be the strongest man in the world is not an unenviable position, and feats of strength are always interesting sights, and frequently furnish topics of conversation and discussion. Such has been the case at Chesterfield, Eng., recently, at the Spa Hotel, in regard to feats of strength of a native of Australia, who gave a *seance* there before a sprinkling of members of the corporation, the medical profession, solicitors, veterinary surgeons, bankers, and some of the most respectable inhabitants of Chesterfield. Professor Hercules having exhibited some very valuable and handsome presents, proceeded to hold a 56lb weight in various positions at arm's length, and increased the number until he raised four 56lb weights above his head, holding them at arms' length, and at the same time standing upon four tumbler glasses. He also held weights on the top of the glass, and allowed a glass of water to be placed upon the top of the weights. He laid flat upon the floor and let a 56lb weight fall a distance of about a yard on to his bare chest, and the weight rebounded as though it had come in contact with a piece of India rubber. A piece of stone four inches thick was next placed upon his chest, and Mr. Hinch, blacksmith, smashed it to fragments at two blows. Mr. Hinch and Mr. Turner then cut a piece of two inch iron in two across his chest with the hammer and chisel. The feats concluded by Professor Hercules laying flat upon the floor and allowing Mr. Hinch to strike him with all his strength on the chest with a 16lb sledge hammer. The blow was met by the Professor, and the hammer rebounded without leaving a scratch upon his body. The audience were astounded, and so expressed themselves by their repeated rounds of applause. The Professor challenges the world, as an athlete, for £1,000. He intends returning to Australia early next year.

THE THEATRE IN THE OLDEN TIME.—In Shakespeare's day the audience at a theatre was not confined to the body of the house, but occupied part of the stage itself. Sixpence was the usual price for a seat on the stage, but there were also "twelvepenny stools," though what the difference was is not clear, unless the higher charge was paid by those who brought pages with them to keep their pipes duly supplied with tobacco. Poets were admitted without payment—the mysterious free list, that now-a-days is always "suspended," being an institution as old as the drama. The fast man of that period—the "young gallant," as he was called—went to the play-house to show off his clothes and bewitch the ladies by displaying his proportionable leg, white hand, Persian locks, and tolerable beard; and for such an exhibition the stage afforded the best opportunities. When the prologue was ready to go on, the gallant made his appearance with his three-legged stool, sat himself down on the rush-strewed boards, "valiantly beating down the mews and hisses of the opposing rascality," and amused himself by taking a hand at cards till the third trumpet announced the commencement of the performances. Then he lighted his pipe, and whiled away the two hours occupied by the play by whistling accompaniments to the songs, crying at the merry speeches, mewing at the passionate ones, laughing at the serious scenes, criticising the actors loud enough to be heard all over the house, as was the custom of lords, knights, and templars, and filling up odd moments by tickling his neighbor's ear with a rush from the stage.

MATCHES MADE.—The quiet which has recently reigned in turf matters in San Francisco has been abruptly broken by the announcement of two matches made between the well known horses Fillmore and Lowery Matthews, and Fillmore and Latham. The races were made by W. Porter on behalf of Fillmore, and J. B. Gallar on behalf of Latham. The first race will come off on January 21st, 1867, three mile heats, for $2500 a side. The second race is for the same amount a side, at two mile heats, to take place one week after the first race. Both races will come off over the Bay View Park Course.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE MORRIS AND HOLDEN MATCH A DRAW.

PETER AGAIN CHALLENGES GEORGE.

This most interesting event for the Feather Weight Championship, as foreshadowed in our last, has terminated, to the great disappointment of the backers of the respective men, in a division of the stakes, the bets, as a matter of course, being off. Of Peter Morris' past career in the P. R.—one of unchequered prosperity—he has much to boast. His recent essay, although, by force of circumstances, not a winner, probably eclipses any of his previous efforts, having to contend, as he did, against almost equal science, vastly superior physical strength, great hardihood of constitution, and, as far as training goes, the very acme of condition, for never was a lad brought to the mark more fit than George. The forbearance which Peter showed, on several occasions, when he had his opponent in a critical position, is deserving of all praise; especially in the twenty-seventh bout, when Holden was completely at his mercy, he put up his hands, and exclaimed, "I won't do it, George," which spirit of manliness was thoroughly appreciated by the bystanders, both for and against; and as we understand this is the climax to Peter's wonderful performances it is "a consummation devoutly to be wished" that he may meet, at the hands of his admirers, that reward to which his sterling qualities as a boxer so thoroughly entitle him. While giving credit where credit is due, we must on no account omit Holden, whose quiet and civil demeanor in private life has gained him the respect of all who know him, and that he is wonderfully improved since his first venture no observer of things *pugilistique*

THE GAME OF CHESS.

OUR PROBLEM.—Having completed the Tourney Probs., we appropriately depart from the comparatively monotonous routine of the three move problems with something decidedly out of the ordinary course. The position is a stunner. By turning to the CLIPPER of Jan. 6, '66, the reader will find Enigma No. 518, with the following introductory paragraph:—"The *Berliner Schachzeitung* of April last ('65) gave the following extraordinary position. The number of moves was not given, and the first ten persons who sent in solutions in three months or sooner, were to receive each any chess book they might choose from Veit & Co.'s Chess Library." We also promised to publish and especially credit any American expert who would solve it for our column. And that was the last of Herr Bezzel's wonder, till about a month ago our contributor "Hesperian," of Pittsburgh, furnished us with one of the most, we think *the most, elaborate* solution of a chess problem we ever saw. We are not aware of who its European solvers (if any) were, but we once more lay it before our readers, this time more conspicuously, will let it so remain four or five weeks and then publish our contributor's solution, an honorable monument alike of his ingenuity and patient application.

CHESS LECTURES.—Besides the regular Chess Clubs, we know there are many clubs and associations for the promotion of outdoor and athletic pastimes that keep up meetings at their club rooms during the winter, for the promotion of social intercourse and the enjoyment of amusements appropriate to the season. To such the claims of Chess and its fascinations are at the very head of the list. With all such associations, whether exclusively for chess or not, the chess editor of the CLIPPER is prepared to make engagements for from one to five lectures on the antiquities, history, literature, anecdote, facetiæ, biography, theory and practice of the game.

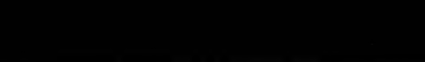
DEATH OF AN AMERICAN CHESS EDITOR.—Percy J. Devere, Chess Ed., of the *City Item*, Philadelphia, died on the 2d inst., the first American Chess Ed., that has fallen in the ranks.

STEINITZ-BIRD.—The last we heard of this match it had unexpectedly reached the exciting pass of standing—Drawn, 5; Mr. Bird, 5; Herr Steinitz, 6. Good for the brilliant English amateur!

Enigma No. 559.

From the Chess Players' Magazine.

BY T. SMITH, ESQ.



at K Kt 2, Q R sq, K B 4, K B 3, Q 6, K B 5, K R 2d.

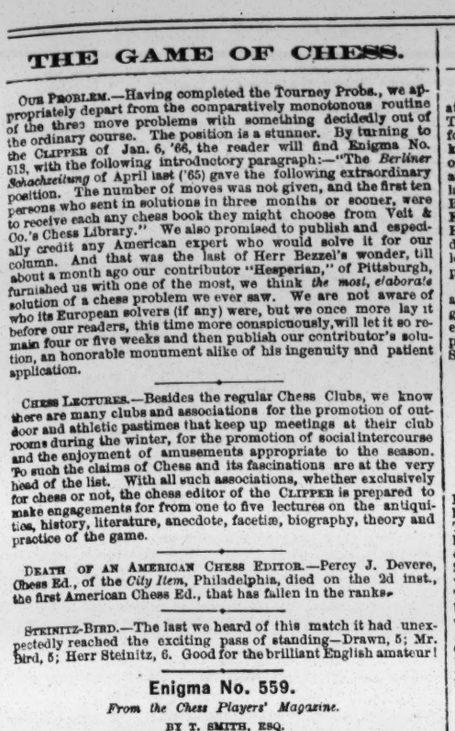
at his B sq, K R 2, Q 4, Q R 7, Q Kt 5th.

Black, with the move, to win the *partie*.

Problem No. 559.

BY HERR MAX BEZZEL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and compel Black to mate him, by a dis (ch.), on his (White's) K R 8th sq. How, and in how many moves?

Game No. 559.

Played some time since between the Rev. W. Wayte and Rev. C. R. Ranken.—*C. P. M.*

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. Wayte.	Defence, Mr. Ranken.	Attack, Mr. Wayte.	Defence, Mr. Ranken.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	16..K Kt × Kt	B P × Kt
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	17..P-K B 4	K P × P
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	18. Kt × B P	Q-K Kt 4 (*b*)
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × K t P	19..P-K Kt 3 (*c*)	Q B-Kt 5
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q B 4	20..Q-her R 4 (*d*)	P-Q B 5 (*e*)
6..Castles	P-Q 3	21..K B × P	Kt × K B
7..P-Q 4	K P × P	22..Q × Q Kt	K B-K 6
8..B P × P	K B-Kt 3	23..Kt-K 6	Q-K R 4
9..P-Q 5	Q Kt-R 4	24..P-K R 4	K B-his 7 (*f*)
10..Q B-Kt 2	K Kt-K 2	25..K R × B (*g*)	K R × R
11..K B-Q 3	Castles	26..Q-her B 8 +	R-K B sq (*h*)
12..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-his 3	27..R-Q B 7	Q-K Kt 3
13..Q Kt-K 2	P-Q B 4	28..Q × K R +	Q R × Q
14..K-his R sq	P-K B 3	29..R × Kt P +	ζ × Q R
15..Q R-B sq	K Kt-K 4 (*a*)	30..Q Kt × Q	R-R B 7, and

the Defence wins the *partie*.

(*a*) Better, perhaps, is 15..Q B to Q 2d, keeping the move in the text in reserve until the Attack's Kt has occupied K's sq.

(*b*) Somewhat hazardous, as see next note.

(*c*) 19..Q to K R 5th would have given him an immediate advantage. If Defence capture Q, by *reprising* with the Kt he gains at once a very powerful position. Q to K Kt 5th would be useless for Defence in his dilemma, as she could at once be attacked by R P. Suppose, then, the following:

19..Q to K R 5	Q to K 2	22..K B × R	R P × B
20..P-K 5	P-K Kt 3 (1)	23..Q × Kt P +,	and Defence
21..K B × P	K R × Kt (2)	has no resource.	

(*d*) K B to K 2d would certainly have been stronger.

(*e*) The beginning of a beautifully conceived combination.

(*f*) Q B to K 7th would have led to some really fine positions, and is, we believe, at least as good as the move in the text.

(*g*) Herr L. elaborates the beauty and excellence of Mr. Ranken's 24th move; but we regret that narrowness of space forbids their reproduction. The Attack's alternative 25th moves are: Q to her B 7th, or Kt × R.

(*h*) Curiously enough, if he take the Queen Mr. W. can draw the game by perpetual check.

CHEQUERS.

Take Notice.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS

Are not to be had for a few days. Due notice will be given as soon as copies of the new edition are ready for delivery. 21-tf

Game No. 35.---Vol. XIV.

Brilliant skirmish between Messrs. Fox and Crane.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Mr. Fox.	White. Mr. Crane.	Black. Mr. Fox.	White. Mr. Crane.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	15..17 to 22	26 to 17
2..15 22	25 18	16..13 22	19 15
3.. 8 11	29 25	17..11 18	23 14
4..11 8	25 22	18.. 1 6(*d*)	20 11
5..11 16	24 20	19.. 7 16	24 20
6..4 11	27 24	20..16 19	27 23
7..10 14	24 19	21..19 26	30 23
8.. 7 10	28 24	22..22 26	23 18
9.. 3 7	32 28	23..26 31	28 24
10.. 9 13(*a*)	18 9	24..31 26	24 18
11.. 5 14	22 18	25.. 6 10(*e*)	14 7
12..13 17(*b*)	18 9	26.. 2 11	19 15
13.. 6 13	21 14	27..26 32(*f*)	
14..10 17	31 27(*c*)	Black wins.	

(*a*) "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip." (*b*) Here is where the slip comes in. (*c*) Only delaying his fate. (*d*) Taking it cool. (*e*) Most players would dash ahead with the King at this point; the "contraband" knows his interest better. (*f*) The "bitter end."

Solution of Position No. 63.--Vol. XIV.

BY UNCLE NED, OF BROOKLYN.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..24 to 19	16 to 7	4.. 5 to 1	13 to 22
2.. 9 5	23 16	5.. 1	19, and wins.
3..15 10	22 6		

Solution of Position No. 64.--Vol. XIV.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

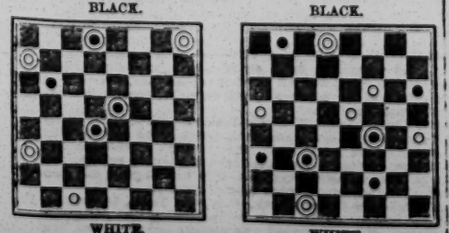
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1.. 3 to 7	10 to 14	4..27 to 23	19 to 26
2..17 10	6 15	5..30	23, and wins.
3.. 7 10	18 22		

Position No. 65, Vol. XIV. Position No. 66, Vol. XIV.

Challenge to "Uncle Ned," of Brooklyn.

BY DON FELIX. BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK. BLACK.



WHITE. WHITE.

Black to move and draw the game. White to move and win.

THE RING.

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32 FREE AND EASY MONDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

FATHER TOVEE AT DRAMATIC HALL.

WHO WAS THERE, AND WHO SET-TO FOR UNCLE BILL.

There was a goodly muster of the real, true friends of the Old Man at Dramatic Hall, West 36th street, on the evening of the 18th inst., but the place was not crowded by any manner of means. Still it was as good as we expected, for we made allowance for that class who merely talk to hear themselves talk, but who never had any idea either of going or of putting a "bean" in the old gentleman's way. It has always been thus, and if it wasn't for those who really think well of and are true friends to Uncle Bill on each and every occasion, the empty promises of the rest wouldn't buy salt for his potatoes. We were glad to meet such gentlemen sports as Joe Elliott, who knew Tovee when he had a plenty; Glover, of boxing glove fame; Tom Dent, Tom the Boatman; Con Foley, and a few more who do not care to be seen at every tag-rag-and-bobtail concern, for these are the genuine kind—men of the right sort—who are to be found wherever a worthy object presents itself, as was particularly the case on Tuesday. Further introductory remarks are unnecessary, so we will briefly allude to the boxing and then draw out, wishing heartily that the troubles now threatening the pugilistic patriarch may pass lightly over his ancient figure-head, and all be well again for the New Year.

The two first were mere kids, whom few know, and fewer care to read about, so we'll pass them, and make mention of the remainder but briefly. Billy McMullen and Young Edwards had a very warm time of it—a regular sham battle—both hitting hard and furious, and at the first it got to be so hot that friends of McMullen's wanted to make a match between them, and we don't know but that they may yet. McAuliff and Kelly also had a lively bout, and a remarkably evenly balanced one, no advantage being gained on either side, as far as we could see. Carman and Grady, another good match, suited the boys to a dot, and gave a good account of their gloves, the Carman once coming in for a fall on his beam ends, the result of a slip; but as in this case slips didn't go over again, he didn't repeat the same, but gave Grady one or two extra hits to make up for the accident. Doyle and Dublin Mike's encounter was all at long range, and no real execution was done, but for getting away and stopping it was just the thing—that, however, is not what the up-towners care so much to see—slogging takes their fancy.

The sensation of the night, however, was the grand assault at arms between Con Foley, a general favorite, and the Cast Iron Man, Collins. The former expected that his twin brother (nezically speaking, to borrow from the French and appertaining to that very useful organ, the nose) the ex-champion would possibly be there and was ready for a sociable bout with him, while the latter barred nobody, and went there to make his word good according to the remark he made at Collyer's benefit. This was how Foley and Collins came together, but from the result we do not anticipate he will be over anxious to "come again." Cornelius piling in his straight left handers and well timed cross-counters so fast and heavily, now and then throwing in an upper-cut or two, that the Strong Man, beyond boring in, despite the hard knocks, didn't appear to be doing any execution. In the clinches Conwas very active and had he felt disposed to encourage Cast Iron in his desire for wrestling we think we know who would have struck wood first. As it was, Con merely showed what he was capable of without doing it, and by this means made an excellent set-to, which was enthusiastically received.

A couple, knowing nothing and showing less, made themselves a laughing stock by their very peculiar style of doing that sort of thing, but we shouldn't advise them to come again. There were others who boxed and some who danced and sang, but no extraordinary ability was evidenced and they don't warrant extended notice.

For the conclusion, after the benediction, Tom Mack, who ably filled the office of M. C., almost as well as the Old Man himself, and that's saying big things, introduced Old Bill Tovee (aged 64) and Young Jack Adams, (aged 43) for the wind-up. Tovee attired in the orthodox rig, as active as a bumble bee; Adams in his working rig, looking not much bigger than a full-grown hydrant, and not feeling overwell, owing to a distressing affection of his leg brought about by too constant attention to the painting business. They only had three or four rounds, but the way Tovee kept pegging away with his left glove at Stuboy Jack's good humored phiz, surprised and almost bewildered Ould Jack, who couldn't get away as of yore owing to his bad leg, and appeared to be a little out of practice, but still he showed such a determined front and kept so close to Uncle Bill that the M. C. had to keep him at bay or take the same himself, and this he did in the easiest way possible, so as not to make Jack the Painter feel small at being so much overmatched. In justice to Adams, who hasn't had the gloves on for a number of years, and not with his present antagonist for five years, we should be wrong in omitting to mention that Mr. Tovee has had lots of glove practice, and with fresh, sturdy young fellows as pupils, which partly accounts for the manner in which he handled himself on this occasion. Taken right through, though, the two ould 'uns made a pretty set-to and all hands appeared well satisfied, if we could judge by the thunders of applause which followed every round.

JOHNNY GRADY'S UP-TOWN BEN ON THE 28TH.—For the first time in a long period the sturdy built little Johnny Grady is to be the subject of a complimentary, and that it will be one worth speaking about is a foregone conclusion, almost everybody in and around the 20th and 22d wards being personally acquainted with this well-tried, willing and worthy young bruiser, to say nothing of the myriads of his acquaintances from all sections of the Great Metropolis. The benefit is fixed to take place on Friday evening of this week, Dec. 28th, at the now finely fitted up hall in West 36th street, known as Dramatic Hall, and as to repeat the to be depended upon ones would take too much space, we shall say naught, but leave the boys to be surprised at the talent that will be there. For the wind-up Billy Kelly and Johnny will have an exciting glove encounter, and there having been some talk of a match between these hardy, tough and clever boxers, their set-to will be a hot 'un. So don't miss being there to see it. Uncle Tovee will conduct the show in his usual inimitable style.

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George Reynolds,
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Julia Hill.

Death's Doings in 1866.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE TIME HAS COME when we are called upon to recount the many deaths that have occurred in the profession during the year now so near its close. In reviewing the list we find that two hundred and thirty-two members of the dramatic, musical, minstrel, circus, and kindred professions, have gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. This exceeds in number more than double that of 1865, when only one hundred and ten were recorded. The year previous—1864—one hundred and thirty-four deaths took place. So it will be seen that the scythe-bearer has played havoc in the ranks of the profession the past year. The going down of the *Evening Star* consigned to a watery grave at one fell swoop seventy-four professionals. In memory of those who have been thus cut off we drop a silent tear, and mourn with those who, deeply wounded, are left behind to deplore their loss; the loss of those whose voices, which have so often cheered us all, are now forever hushed; but their echoes will live in many memories, and their images will visit many hearts, until those hearts and memories are lifted up to dwell where the clouds of sorrow never darken the endless day, and the cry of anguish is never heard to disturb the ceaseless music of celestial choirs.

Andrews, G. H., New York, April 7.
Almi, M., Milan, Jan.
Anschutz, M., Jan.
Athaiza, C., at sea, Oct. 3.
Alhaiza, Marceline, at sea, Oct. 3.
Brower, Catherine, Philadelphia, July 17.
Bradshaw, Samuel, New York, Sept. 2.
Blake, Wm., Louisville, May 24.
Blanque, Mons., France, May 3.
Bouchez, Mad., Algiers, April.
Bochard, Mad. Comte, Mexico, May 28.
Bellamy, Wm. Hoare, Greenpoint, April 15.
Beckmann, F., Vienna, Sept.
Bosco, M., Hague, April.
Bancker, Jas. W., Philadelphia, Feb. 22.
Boswell, J., Dover, Eng., Feb. 2.
Bedworth, J., Dublin, March 3.
Boswell, D., Leavenworth, Dec. 29, 1865.
Brown, Dr. E., Maryland, Jan. 12.
Brooke, G. V., at sea, Jan. 11.
Borrell, Miss, at sea, Oct. 3.
Berry, Ed., at sea, Oct. 3.
Bord, Miss, at sea, Oct. 3.
Benedetti, Miss, at sea, Oct. 3.
Bevan, T., at sea, Oct. 3.
Bennett, Mrs. Jas., England, Oct. 9.
Bailey, Chas., Terre Haute, Oct. 23.
Busch, C., Bellevue Hospital, Sept. 10.
Boloque, Mary, Copperopolis, Cal., Oct. 28.
Boche, M., Paris, Nov.
Coney, Thos., St. Louis, Aug. 11.
Cathcart, Mr., England, Dec. 31, 1865.
Clarke, Thos., Grand Rapids, March 1.
Carr, I. N., Buffalo, Sept. 25.
Cumberland, John, England, June 13.
Cushman, Mrs., England, May 7.
Crocker, Mrs. Anna, Brooklyn, June 14.
Collins, Dr. G. T., Cincinnati, Aug. 19.
Cooke, T. P., England, March 19.
Christy, E. Byron, New York, April 6.
Cutter, W. F., Halifax, July 7.
Chenest, Mr., at sea, Oct. 3.
Cogward, Mr. and Mrs., at sea, Oct. 3.
Cailland, Mr. and Mrs., at sea, Oct. 3.
Campana, Marita, at sea, Oct. 3.
Cayot, Celina, at sea, Oct. 3.
Carlyle, Julia, at sea, Oct. 3.
Coppini, Mr. and Mrs., at sea, Oct. 3.
Coignard, T., at sea, Oct. 3.
Caillot, Mrs., at sea, Oct. 3.
Clarence, M., Paris, Oct.
Core, Sig. Buono, Dieppe, Sept.
Chatterly, Mrs., London, Nov. 4.
Cross, Benj. Carr, Philadelphia, Nov. 24.
Coburn, Mr., Paris, Oct.
Dodge, Mrs. Ossian, St. Paul, Feb. 8.
Dean, Thomas, England, Jan. 19.
Donne, Mary, drowned at sea, May.
Denvil, Mr., England, April 6.
Duprey, H., England, July 14.
Denoux, Mr., at sea, Oct. 3.
Du Bern, Mr., at sea, Oct. 3.
D'Esterbecq, Monsieur and Madame, at sea, Oct. 3.
Donierg, Henriette, at sea, Oct. 3.
Durand, Regine, at sea, Oct. 3.
Delphine, M'lle, at sea, Oct. 3.
Duval, Mary, at sea, Oct. 3.
Durand, Miss E., at sea, Oct. 3.
Duverney, M., Paris, Nov.
Eaton, Gil, Lincoln, Illinois, Oct. 16.
Ferney, Miss, at sea, Oct. 3.
The Fowler Sisters, Millie, Clara and Louisa, at sea, Oct. 3.
Ferne, Mr. Mrs. and Miss, at sea, Oct. 3.
Fischer, Mr. G, at sea, Oct. 3.
Finn, Mrs. H. J., Boston, Nov. 22.
Gilbert, Mrs. John, New York, April 27.
Greene, T. C., Philadelphia, Sept. 7.
Grossi, Sig. Enrico, San Francisco, July 9.
Grinnett, Sarah, England, April 19.
Gailliet, M'lle, Brussels, August.
Gross, Edwin, Louisville, Feb.
Gibson, Mrs. L., Salt Lake, Jan. 8.
Grey, T. J, Albany, N. Y., March.
Glendon, R., Eng., Feb. 24.
Gilbert, Mr., at sea, Oct. 3.
Gravier, Mrs., at sea, Oct. 3.
Gravier, Madame, at sea, Oct. 3.
Gravier, Miss, at sea, Oct. 3.
Girard, Mrs., at sea, Oct. 3.
Geer, Dr. Seth, Chatham, N. Y., Oct. 15.
Griffith, Mr., London, Eng., Oct. 31.
Gilbert, Jenny, London, Oct. 30.
Gethings, Thomas, New York, Nov. 25.
Gilbert, G. H., New York, Dec. 12.
Gossin, Harry, near Cincinnati, Dec. 7.
Hartwell, C. J., Little Rock, Jan. 22.
Howard, Mrs., at sea, March 1.
Holmes, Billy, Cincinnati, Aug. 5.
Herrman, M., Austria, April.
Handford, Mrs., England, June 14.
Hughes, John P., England, March 14.
Henri, George, London, Eng., Aug. 3.
Hunt, George, London, Eng., Aug. 1.
Hudspeth, Mr., London, Eng., Oct. 2.
Heaton, John W., London, Eng., Oct. 17.
Jackson, A. W., Brooklyn, May 7.
Johnson, C., Philadelphia, Dec. 18, 1865.
Johnson, J. T., England, Jan. 8.
Jones, Mrs. C., England, Feb. 28.
Jacobs, Theo., Connecticut, Feb. 16.
Jones, Albert, Boston, Nov. 28.
Julien, Paul, at sea, Oct. 3.
King, John, Coburg, May 6.
Kent, Mrs. C., New York, Jan. 23.
Koulebiakini, M., Russia, Jan.
Kames, Geo. S., Paterson, N. J., Dec. 4.
Lee, Mrs. G., England, Jan. 9.
Lee, Henrietta, England, May 23.
Luthe, H., drowned, N. Y., Aug. 24.
Lee, James, New York, Aug. 28.
Lehart, Mr., England, June 10.
Letts, Mary, at sea, Oct. 3.
Lacquemont, Miss, at sea, Oct. 3.
Leggett, Mrs. Richard, England, Oct. 18.
Lennox, Mrs., Philadelphia, August.
Moran, Jas., Philadelphia, Oct. 18.
Marguerite, Mad., Philadelphia, June 21.
McGowan, J. D., Barbadoes, May 14.
Moreland, Anna, New Orleans, May 25.
Macarthy, Eugene, England, May 14.
Macarthy, Marion, Indianapolis, April 4, 1866.
Marsh, C., England, August.
Murcarthy, W. H., England, April 9.
Madelaine, Marian, Cairo, May 6.
Maguire, Jack, San Francisco, Sept. 18.
Montgomery, C., England, Jan. 9.
Moseley, Mrs., England, April 22.
Macmillan, Duncan, England, Feb. 20.
Mortimer, A., Elmira, Feb. 22.
Mathieu, Mr., at sea, Oct. 3.
Merry, Mr., at sea, Oct. 3.
Muidbied, Mr., at sea, Oct. 3.
Murray, Ed., at sea, Oct. 3.
Marie, Mrs., at sea, Oct. 3.
Miles, Daniel, Cincinnati, Nov. 3.
Martinetti, Mad., at sea, Nov. 9.
Molteno, Mast., Australia, Sept. 2.
Marks, Mrs. Hiram, Cincinnati, Dec. 9.
McLaughlin, Thos., Boston, Dec. 18.
Newcomb, Mrs. W., Syracuse, Jan 2.
Nellis, S. K. G., Bolivia, Dec. 4, 1865.
Nicolo, J., at sea, Oct. 3.
Nicolo, Young, at sea, Oct. 3.
Odell, Wm. T., Philadelphia, Oct. 28.
O'Dale, Wm., Cincinnati, during the summer.
Pell, Harry, New York, June 1.
Pierce, C., England, June 29.
Pym, R. J., England, Sept. 16.
Penchat, Louis, Paris, August.
Pond, Sam, Cairo, Sept. 21.
Pell, John, Boston, Jan. 24.
Pouchard, A. F., Paris, Jan. 6.
Pousley, T., Carson City, Feb. 1.
Pitt, C., England, Feb. 21.
Perxell, Mr., at Sea, Oct. 3.
Powers, Emma, at sea, Oct. 3.
Polo, Auguste, Paris, October.
Palmo, Mrs. Anna, New York, Dec. 15.
Peoples, George, Houston, Texas, Dec. 13.
Roth, F., California, Feb. 9.
Roxby, B., England, July 25.
Robie, Mad., England, May 12.
Rochette, J. B., California, Feb. 5.
Rhineboid, Fred, drowned, May 6.
Richards, Louisa, England, Dec. 26, 1865.
Mr. Raven, at sea, Oct. 3.
Roche, Paul, at sea, Oct. 3.
Roberts, Mr., at sea, Oct. 3.
Russell, Tom, at sea, Oct. 3.
Raymond, Mr., at sea, Oct. 3.
Renuff, Miss, at sea, Oct. 3.
Reed, Miss, at sea, Oct. 3.
Radcliffe, Thos. B., New Orleans, Nov. 4.
Richard, Davis, St. Petersburgh, November.
Smollett, Anna, England, June 22.
Sullivan, J. F., Boston, August 20.
Sanders, John, England, Dec. 1865.
Simon, Mad., England, August 10.
Saguy, Mad., Paris, January.
Sefton, Wm., Memphis, July 11.
Sten, Mrs., at sea, Oct. 3.
Selany, Mr. and Mrs., at sea, Oct. 3.
Strause, Miss, at sea, Oct. 3.
Saverac, Mr., at sea, Oct. 3.
Stone, A. C., Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 13.
Servais, M., Belgium, November.
Town, Boswell, Connellsville, February.
Tamburini, Mad., St. Cloud, July.
Tidmarsh, T. U., Memphis, Sept. 25.
Talbott, W. C., Baltimore, May 5.
Tryon, Wm., New York, Aug. 30.
Taplan, M., at sea, Oct. 3.
Talleen Brothers, at sea, Oct. 3.
Trevor, Frank, Australia, September.
Taylor, Mary, New York, Nov. 10.
Thomas, Julia Pelby, Malden, Mass., Dec. 8.
Villa, Mr. and Mrs., at sea, Oct. 3.
Vromin, Mme., at sea, Oct. 3.
Vance, Mrs. Jenny, England, Oct. 30.
Vache, Mrs., Philadelphia, Dec. 9.
Whitehouse, John, England, Oct. 24.
Wray, Ed., Edwardsville, Aug. 30.
Wray, Wm., at sea, Oct. 3.
Wrightman, New York, Sept. 28.
Wheelock, Mrs. J. F., Morrisania, N. Y., Aug. 28.
Wilmot, Mr., England, May 18.
Walford, W. C., Australia, May 26.
Wagstaff, T., Philadelphia, Feb. 20.
Worrell, J., England, Dec. 1865.
Welch, M., Boston, Aug. 29.
Wilkes, Mr., Cape Good Hope, June.
Wright, Miss, England, June 11.
Wallace, Alfred E., England, Oct. 30.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Dec. 24, '66.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, and "many happy returns of the day," as we used to say when we got a holiday from school. We have wished you all the good things we can think of, in poetry and prose, in other parts of this issue, so that it is needless to repeat those wishes here. But let us all try to make the actor folks merry during the holidays. Ah! if the outside world only knew of the hardships and trials the poor player has to endure in his travels through the world, they would pity rather than condemn those who tread their brief hour upon the mimic stage for our amusement. They are an improvident set, it is true, but they are also a kind and liberal people, sharing their last dollar with the poor and needy, whether they find them in their own sphere or in the outside world. And when misfortune overtakes one of their number, how ready are the more fortunate ones to fly to the relief and succor of the unfortunate. If the good acts of the players were recorded with the same readiness and willingness as their bad deeds are, the latter would make but a meagre show in the general summing up. But enough of this—we must be merry and try to make the hearts of our professional friends glad with exceeding joy.....The man of action makes a little go a long way, and squeezes much comfort out of very small capital. We remember once traveling in some of the eastern States, and one day while stopping at a town in Massachusetts who should ride up in front of the "tavern" we were stopping at but one of the histrionics who had only a short time previously "got up and got" from New York city owing to "unforeseen circumstances," etc. Our friend seemed to be all right now, and going in for big licks, so to speak. He was in an open buggy, driving a very much tamed steed about the size of a small cow, who, like those people whom fussy old women are fond of garreting about, had "seen better days." Our histrion stopped to converse with us a bit while his courser was reconnoitering for his second wind. Our friend assured us that he was doing an "immense business," and to confirm this New York assurance he exhibited a stunning poster, on which was the startling announcement, "Mammoth Entertainments," a series of which he was giving in the New England towns, single-handed. Now, what sort of foundation do you suppose this enthusiastic Thespian had for this mammoth entertainment? The town he was then on his way to bill for his gigantic show contains, by actual count, ten houses, one store, three barns, one benzine shop, one half of a shoe store, and two good sized bull dogs. Out of this place our confiding friend expected to get a "two hundred dollar house," he told us. Whether he *did* get that sum we can't say; but we guess not. It goes to show the cheerful and reliant nature of peripatetic showmen. We think it was McKean Buchanan who, when going through California, gave directions to his agent to bill every town where they had a billiard table, for he intended to play on that.....We have just been struck with a new sensation, and all masculine New York is running after "Cendrillon." For an unstinted display of those charms which make a woman as pretty as a picture, "Cendrillon" eclipses the "Black Crook," and throws in the shade the voluptuousness of that spectacle. In the language of one who has been there, the new play "is as fascinating as a stool pigeon, and as exhilarating as a glass of gin." Various people have various ideas, and various ways of expressing them, you know. Sallie Hinckley who runs the new spectacle, played boldly in bringing out "Cendrillon" in its nudress form, but she is a winner by it, the New York Theatre being filled every night. All who have seen the "Crook" will run after "Cendrillon," you bet.....Apropos of the holidays, suppose we make a few verses about the theatres, something that will be smart and spicy, and make the merry men of New York smile at our cleverness and laugh at our folly. Yes, we'll make verses, and this shall be the order of our poetising:—

WINTER GARDEN.

Italian Opera and Edwin Booth
Alternate at the Winter Garden—
One to sleep the audience soothes,
The other Tragedy of the "Bard" in
Fills the house from floor to roof,
Giving the managers ample proof
That if this dull season they'd pull "up the pony"
In tragedy's habit
They've got the *right rabbit*,
But in opera's garb, they've got a *wrong coney*.

BARNUM'S.

"Museum and Menagerie combination"
From every known and unknown foreign nation
Is Barnum's last "great moral" proclamation.
As by the show we last week chanced to wend
Our way, accompanied by a German friend,
"*Van Amburgh's* here," said we; "Den der ish two,"
Said Schmidt, "de big boss is *von humbug, too*."

OLYMPIC.

He who resort with the cravens would,
Has failed as the "Master of Ravenswood,"
Though *she* on whom his "support" did hinge
Gave to her part a *rosy tinge!*
So the "Huguenot Captain" comes to the fore,
And St. Barth'lm'w alive shouts "*vive le roi*,"
And *murder* is done—not confined we believe
To France or to St. Bartholomew's Eve.

NIBLO'S.

Lithesome limbs and lovely lasses,
Gaily glancing glamours gaze,
'Mid the music's merry mingling,
Making mortal minds a maze—
Flitting, flirting, fays fantastic,
Whose wierd, winsome, wanton ways
Wield wild witchcraft. William Wheatley,
This is why the "Black Crook" pays.

BROADWAY.

A *sole on a shingle's* a fish out of water,
But worthy John Owens is nought of the kind;
For as *Solon Shingle* he's quite in his glory,
And plays the part better than any you'll find.
Thrifty George Wood, too, who always provides his
Patrons with novelty's game cocks and show hens,
Must find himself quite in a paradox placed,
Insomuch that his riches increase with his *Owings*.

WALLACK'S.

The legitimate house of the Drama just now
Seems to be importing largely, we vow;
For after bad Gaelic translations in showers,
We get a new *English* comedy "Ours;"
A title which scarcely the stamp of truth bears.
Why call a play "Ours" when 'tis English—and "*theirs*."

NEW YORK.—CENDRILLON.

A perversion of an Old Story.

A song! ho! a song!
Of Cendrillon—
Cinderella of old, and the little glass slipper—
Which in its new dress
Will turn out, we guess,
Like the paper we edit, a real "New York" CLIPPER;
And as *Cendrillon* is the gist of our song,
With a breeze of approval we'll *send-her-along!*
So but while the Muses attune all their powers
Of humor—to sing you *her* story and *ours*.

Long years ago it seems there lived a "widder,"
Vulgarly so called, who came to consider
A husband as among life's ills desirable;
Having a neighbor whom she was t'admire able,
She set her cap at him; and soon, we swear,
Became the spouse of M. Pinchonniere.
Now M. *Pinchon-ni-ere's heir* on a pinch—
Had he not married this female Judge Lynch—
Was his departed first wife's only daughter
Fleurette, a pretty, fair-haired, winsome sort o'
Maiden in short skirts, who is in fine
The "Cendrillon," our story's heroine.
Now Cendrillon is French for Cinderella.
So says "Our Jim," a mighty clever "feller,"
And the *one bane* of Cinderella's life
Was her poor henpecked father's second wife,
The "widder," late Urana? satins, sukins,
Urana de la ——? Mrs. Marie Wilkins—
Urana de la ——! we cannot strike it,
But "*house spanie!*" is something very like it;
Which perhaps explains the reason she would get
With Cendrillon so often in a "*pet*,"
And, when her temper muchly up was cut—
Which did co-*cur* sometimes—call her a *slut*.
She'd daughters, too, girls bred in luxury's lap;
Javotte, who'd *blanche* the heart of *man* or *chap*,
And languid Madelon, who dressed to kill,
Looked a *less shy devil* than a "*Man-deville*."
To wait on these, poor little Cendrillon
Was doomed to toil and sing the whole day long,
While her two sisters and mamma-in-law
Yawned, slept and dressed and courtly company saw.
Near by, it seems, there was a royal court
Where reigned a monarch of stupendous port,
King Hurlyburly the XIX yclept,
Who very strict his kingdom's morals kept;
Which fact, while it the *Herald's* conscience clears,
Marks Mark Smith's mythological ideas.
One only son, Prince Charming, had this sire—
(A charming part, through which—oh! *Ze-de-ki-ah!*—
Miss Saidee Cole walks much as o'er a bog
Would traveler in Ireland—in a fog.)
This prince, it seems, made all kind of bobberies
'Gainst love and women, who, (as thick as robberies
In Wall street, and betwixt ourselves and you
As impudently perpetrated too—)
By padded breasts and legs, which now hold place
Even off the stage, before a lovely face
Beset him; but none please him any way
Of all the beauties that around him play.
Nor is he love-struck 'till a poor old dame
Awakes within his heart Dan Cupid's flame
By showing him the "bust" of Cendrillon,
Who from a large peach basket sings a song
And disappears—when lo! with loud to-do,
The prince shouts to the old dame "Who are you?"
Then trombone and big drum go mad, and solar
Lights blaze out, as dame cries "Luciola!"
And throwing off her cloak, 'mid music's rally,
Miss Hinckley's ripe charms make *a splendid sally*,
Exhibiting her knowledge that there dwells
Attractive force in striking *par-al-el's!*
Oh! Luciola! Without hesitation
We own we felt a *saltic incli*-nation
To would we were an Oberon or Puck
That she might be our daily fair, a duck
To take with all her sauce when hot and puffing,
And feast upon such breasts, such legs, such stuffing,
'Till with the *green peace* of our youthful pork,
The vanquished lies beneath our knife and fork.
But to return. The prince says "find he must
The lass that owns the tail half of the bust"
Shown by the fairy; and thinking to fall
In with her thusly he ordains a ball
And does invite midst other ladies fair
La dame et Demoiselles Pinchonniere;
Omitting Cendrillon, who's deep in woe
When her pa tells her to go is "no go,"
While left forlorn she sits with both her *eyes*
Red and *ready* for a *cry—a crisis*
Comes, for Luciola's kind approach
Changes a punkeu to a glittering coach;
Changes a rat into a kind of monkey
With human face, that acts as Cendril's flunkey;
And more, transforms Cendrillon's own gown
Into a ball dress, and the whole to crown
Presents the now delighted little lass
With fairy magic slippers made of glass!
And then escorts her to the Palace, where
She captivates King Hurlyburly's heir
To that degree, that when she steals away
Unseen at midnight, so as to obey
The fairy's orders—which she does too late—
The Prince, and all the officers of state,
With Chinese lanterns, track the pretty tripper
Until they lose her scent, but find her slipper,
Which knowing royal affections lie it on,
The ladies all to win it try it on;
But none it fits. Meanwhile, poor Cendrillon,
Lost in the forest, helpless, wanders on
Until in consequence of that sad job—
Losing her slipper—she's met by the snob
That made it; and he, summonsing his legions,
Transports her to his own infernal regions,
Where Lucios, true to glow-worm "natur,"
Shows a light and saves her from the "cratur;"
Then takes her to her own home, where at last
All happy are, forgetful of the past.
The Prince the owner of the slipper finds—
Madam "House Spaniel" her husband minds—
The audience roar at Mark Smith's slight catarrhs,
And *hail with shouts* his female "*louis*" *Anzaire!*
Who really are most exquisitely plump
About the region of the thigh and—Humph!
We say no more, but wish a rich success
To Cinderella in her "New York" dress.

FIRE! The New Bowery Theatre was entirely destroyed by fire on Tuesday evening, Dec. 18th. About twenty-five minutes past four o'clock the residents of Elizabeth street, in the rear of the theatre, were startled by vivid flashings of light which gleamed unsteadily in the windows and glanced on the dark gray clouds above. Immediately the flames burst out from three windows in the rear wall, when the alarm was given and thousands hurried to the scene. The firemen were quickly on the ground, and in a short time got several streams of water to play on the fire. Their efforts, however, were useless, and such was the rapid progress of the fire that at 5 o'clock the entire building, from the Bowery through to Elizabeth, was one sheet of flames. The flames mounting high up into the air, brilliantly illuminated the streets in the vicinity, while fiery tongues leaped forth from every window. At the entrance or box offices, the fire raged fearfully, the flames apparently coming up from the basement, and emitting a heat so intense as to blister the doors and shutters and crack the windows on the other side of the street. At quarter past five o'clock the rear walls in Elizabeth street fell out into the street with a tremendious crash, injuring no one. The walls of the theatre have always been considered unsafe by many master builders of this city, but the proprietors were of a different opinion, and the immense pressure—from crowded audiences—that they have been subjected to, would seem to bear out the proprietor in that opinion. At twenty minutes to six o'clock the front wall was seen to bulge, and soon thereafter down came the entire mass. When the front was seen to move, some eight or ten firemen and police were in front, but a tremendous yell from the spectators caused them to run, thus barely saving the meslves from being crushed beneath the ruins; as it was, several were injured by falling bricks. A few minutes afterwards the side wall facing Hester street fell, and crushed in the roof of No. 87 Bowery. The work of destruction was now complete. The origin of the fire is wrapped in mystery. The fire appeared in the rear part of the building at precisely half past four o'clock, and in a few minutes afterwards flames were issuing seemingly from every part of the roof. Mrs. Lewis, head sweeper of the theatre, who, with her subordinates, was in the building when the fire first made its appearance, says that it originated in the ballet girls' room, under the stage, and spread with such fearful rapidity that she and her companions were obliged to make extraordinary haste to escape in safety. There were no fires in the theatre, it being heated by steam supplied from a boiler situated in a vault under the sidewalk of Elizabeth street. Another account states that the flames first appeared in the paint room. A son of Mr. Lingard's and one of the property boys were in the building a short time before the fire, but saw no sign of anything suspicious. They were in a passage way leading from the ballet girls' room to the cellar in search of a cat, but say they used no light of any kind. Stage Manager N. B. Clarke declares that the building must have been set on fire. He left at twelve o'clock in the day. There was no light in the building at that time, and, in the proper course of things, there should not have been up to the hour when the fire was discovered. The theatre was the favorite resort of the east side patrons of the drama for a long time, and many were the expressions of sorrow on every hand by those who looked upon the burning mass. The building was four stories high on the Bowery, built of brick, and occupied three lots between Canal and Hester. It was built in 1859, and opened by G. L. Fox and Jas. Lingard, Sept. 5, 1859, with "The Orange Girl of Venice" and "The Four Lovers." G. L. Fox was in both pieces. Cordelia Cappell was in the first piece. The scenery in the theatre at the time of its destruction came from the old Broadway, Burton's Chambers Street Theatre, the Chatham and Old Bowery Theatres. Its exterior dimensions were 75 feet on the Bowery, 204 feet in depth and 100 feet on Elizabeth street. The auditorium was divided into a pit 72 by 90 feet, and three tiers of boxes. The stage was 85 feet deep and 50 wide at the proscenium. On either side of the proscenium were the scene and dressing rooms, and the stage space was left perfectly clear for any grand spectacle that might be presented upon it. The entrance on the Bowery was through a handsome colonade, supported by Corinthian pillars of iron. This entrance was 25 feet wide. The lobbies were spacious. The property was owned by ex-Judge James R. Whiting, and was leased for several years back by J. W. Lingard. The managers had just brought out Augustine Daly's version of "Griffith Gaunt;" which was the play announced for the evening when the fire occurred, to be followed by the "Middy Ashore." Mr. Whiting's loss will reach $60,000, only lightly insured in several companies. Mr. Lingard's, the lessee, loss is about $50,000, which is only insured for $5,000 in a Baltimore company. N. B. Clarke, the stage manager, loses $2,000 and no insurance, and Mr. J. B. Dean, leader of the orchestra, $3,000—not insured—making, in the aggregate, a total loss of very close on $150,000, and throwing suddenly out of employment upwards of eighty persons who were engaged in and around the theatre. It was the largest theatre in the United States, and would hold over 4,600 people, having a seating capacity for 3,000.

SINCE SAYTHE the sensation preacher made his *debut* on the public stage and made a Black Crook advertisement of himself by showing up the "Naked Truth," as he chooses to call the Barras style of pieces, now-a-days the rage of the town, all New York, at least the male portion of it, has been ready for anything of that style. Equally as ready have the public found parties willing to outstrip all former attempts in this city. "Cendrillon," after repeated delays, was produced at the New York Theatre on the 17th inst., by Sallie Hinckley, who has hired the theatre from Messrs. Baker & Smith for the sum of six hundred dollars a night, which sum pays for the theatre, company and usual daily expenses. Long before the time arrived for the curtain to rise the house was packed almost to suffocation with quite a boisterous audience, to put it mildly, nearly all of the male persuasion. From actual count there were just seventeen ladies present, and no more. All through the first three acts the audience were as noisy as they could be, and guyed nearly everyone and everything that met their gaze. The piece of itself amounts to nothing, as the dramatist or translator, whoever he may be, has taken the story of Cinderella and so maltreated it that he has spoiled it. The gentleman who adapted it cannot know much, if anything, about stage effects, for a lamer effort is seldom witnessed. As the attraction lies in the *corps de ballet*, we will at once come to them. In dressing the ladies of the *ballet* the rule seems to have been to put on as little as possible, and show to the gaze of the gaping crowd all that dare be shown. That large portion of the community which delights to witness the posturings, muscular contortions, writhings and gymnastic evolutions of a bevy of women with nothing but a tight-fitting garment, the thickness of a spider's web, between her and absolute nakedness—go in crowds and are vociferous in their applause. No one pretends to find anything of merit or interest in the piece. About fifty women—many of whom are finely formed, and others look like a well scraped bean pole—with hardly a fig leaf, figuratively speaking, to cover them, are the attraction. It is this feature that attracts crowded audiences to devour with hungry eyes the luxuriance of a lot of girls who are supple of limb and voluptuous in every studied *pose*, for men will flock in crowds to gaze through eagerly adjusted lorgnett-s upon the thinly-disguised nudity of their favorite, and pile rapturous adjectives upon her marvelous grace and dexterity. The more transparent her tights, and the more lavish her display of neck, bust, legs and arms, the better they are suited. So far, as the general appointments are concerned, "Cendrillon" is more magnificently placed upon the stage than has been witnessed in any other piece in this city for years. The dresses are all new and really magnificent. When we say dresses, we of course mean the very few ladies that do have any on at all. The theatre was over crammed every night last week, and promises to continue so for the present.

CABALS IN LONDON.—*To the Editor of the* CLIPPER: In a recent number of your paper I read that there exists in London an organized clique to put down American talent. I think there is some mistake in this statement. I have just come from London, and I heard nothing of such an organization. My experiences in all England point to just an opposite conclusion. Take the success of Miss Bateman as an illustration—she is an American, and her success was undoubted; Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Howard Paul, Florence and wife, Mr. Owens (who was an individual success, though his play was not liked), Mr. Delmon Grace, Miss Julia Daly, Mrs. Bowers, Mr. Murdoch—these are all Americans, and they met with very marked success in their respective lines. When Mr. Sothern first appeared at the Haymarket, the general public thought him an American; and who met with more immediate success than he? How about Artemus Ward, another American? His little hall is overcrowded nightly, and the same remark applies to Moore's Christy's Minstrels at St. James' Hall. Moore is well known to be an American of the liveliest description. In fact, I cannot remember a single American artiste, of even moderate pretensions, who has failed to secure the sympathies of the London public. In regard to Mrs. John Wood, I attended her *debut*, and her failure is entirely owing to her utter misconception of the character she assumed, and the curious taste of introducing an old worn out Yankee song in such a *role* as Miss Miggs. I may also tell you that it was perfectly well known that Mrs. Wood was an English, and *not* an American lady, and some of the Sunday papers, of a gossipping character, even told the public that she was a cousin of the manager of the theatre, Mr. George Vining. I believe Mrs. Wood to be an admirable actress in parts suited to her talent, and I regard the selection of Miggs as a most unfortunate circumstance. The extravagance of manners she introduced in it was quite pantomimic in character, and so surprised the audience that a few people in the pit hissed. I have an extensive knowledge of theatrical people and matters in England, and I honestly believe you are misinformed on the question of any cabal being in existence. P. L.

[We give our correspondent's note entire; it may elicit a response.—ED. CLIP.]

A MATINEE PERFORMANCE was given at Budworth's Minstrel Hall on the 20th inst. The house was bought for that occasion by a number of ladies and gentlemen living in the neighborhood of the Hall. The occasion was to commemorate the birthday of a young lady named Dolly Fischer. Only invited guests were present. The affair is said to have passed off very pleasantly. There were over two hundred private carriages that set down heads west and took up heads east.

MANAGER LINGARD, whose loss by the destruction of the New Bowery Theatre is said to exceed over $50,000, has the sympathy of the public at large as well as the managers of all other places of amusement in this city. At a meeting of the Associate Managers on the 20th inst., a Committee was appointed to render any assistance in their power. Manager Grover offered the use of his theatre for one night for Mr. Lingard's benefit. Manager Wheatley tendered Niblo's for two evenings, and G. L. Fox, of the Old Bowery, has offered the receipts of his theatre for one week, deducting only the actual nightly expenses. We have not heard whether Mr. Lingard has yet accepted any of the above offers or not. Mr. Fox has given the use of the Old Bowery for a benefit to the company, to take place on the 28th inst., when the gross receipts will be given them. The fire has thrown a great many performers out of work, and at a bad time in the season. Ex-Judge Whiting, the owner of the New Bowery property, has decided not to re-build the theatre, as he can obtain a larger revenue from stores than he has heretofore obtained from the theatre.

THE TIME has arrived when managers as well as the public look for the pantomime season. At Tony Pastor's a comic pantomime entitled "Little Tom Tucker" is brought out this week, with Tony Pastor, G. F. McDonald, T. G. Riggs, and all the variety company in the cast of characters. Barry O'Neil, a late arrival from England, made his *debut* here last week, in Irish eccentricities. Dave Hawley has been doing gymnastic feats, and remains the present week. Since the destruction of the New Bowery Theatre business has increased considerably at the house of the Pastor.

"THE GOLDEN AXE" is to be produced this week at Charley White's hall, with George Edeson, and all the company in the cast. Martini Chiriski put in an appearance last week, doing his wire walking act, as well as juggling with balls, knives, plates, &c. He does a very pleasing act, and was deservedly applauded. Frank Kerns keeps in the affections of the patrons of the house with his eccentric songs and dances. Josh Hart and Laura Le Clair are favorites, so is C. E. Collins, whose act of the "Cure" has gained for him considerable notoriety.

JAS. CONNER & CO., the pioneer dramatic agents of this city, continue to do a land office business, as the saying goes, at their establishment, 534 Broadway, this city. The name of Conner has become as popular as house hold words among the show folk, and managers and performers who desire to entrust their business to parties who will faithfully and promptly attend to the same, should consult the numerous announcements of said firm in this issue of the CLIPPER.

"THE BLACK CROOK" is almost as attractive as it was the first week of its production. The one hundredth representation was given on the 19th inst. We were present on the 21st, sitting the performance through from beginning to end. There is a decided improvement in the performance of the piece now over its early representations. The ballet appeared in new dresses, a decided improvement over former ones, looking neater and far more attractive. Several new dances have been introduced, and each and every one in the piece acts better now than they did at first. This is a very unusual thing with performers in a piece that has been enjoying a long run. They generally get careless and walk through their parts, thinking that they are playing to people that have previously seen them. But here they are as attentive to business now as ever. Rose Morton, who appeared at first as Amina, was taken sick some time since, and her *role* has been and is now played by Mrs. G. C. Boniface. Milly Cavendish, who has also been off duty for some time, in consequence of sickness, re-appeared on the 21st, and sang that popular song, "You Naughty, Naughty Man," which has not been sung during Miss C's absence. She was well received and the song *encored* three times. The *ballet*, which has improved considerably, is probably one of the best seen in this city since the Ronzani Troupe. Bonfanti is one of the most delightful little *danseuses* ever has been our good fortune to see trip the light fantastic it has ever been our good fortune to see trip the light fantastic toe. She is as light as a fairy and dances very neatly indeed, keeping most excellent time. Sangalli is a spirited *danseuse*. She executes several very difficult movements and is a favorite. Betty Regal, although the third name in the list of principal *danseuses*, is a finished artist and has a host of admirers. Taken altogether, the "Crook" is carefully played and continues to prove a very attractive piece.

MATINEES will be given at nearly every place of amusement in the city on Christmas Day. At the Circus, a performance will be given every afternoon this week, and on Christmas, three performances, at each of which Mlle. De Berg, the Australian Family, Robert Stickney and the full circus troupe will appear. The Circus is always immensely popular with the rising generation, and during the holidays throngs of juveniles will, doubtless, avail themselves of the opportunities offered them of witnessing the wonderful feats of the riders and acrobats. The programme presented for the present week is one of the best yet offered at this establishment.

TAKEN ALTOGETHER, that was rather a dark performance given by Kelly & Leon's Minstrels on the evening of the 21st. In consequence of the gas freezing, the front of the house was in darkness until n

tonian Tableaux has done an excellent business there for three weeks, concluding on Dec. 15th, and were followed by the Hanlon Brothers on the 17th, for two weeks. This seems to be an excellent opportunity for parties to make money, as outside of the New Memphis Theatre company, nothing has visited the city for the past four years. See advertisement.

IN NEW ORLEANS the drama is progressing, as will be seen by the following summary, written by our correspondent "Laertes," on Dec. 15th: "The new comedy of the 'Fast Family,' which has been in rehearsal for several weeks, was at length produced on the 10th inst, with beautiful new scenery, gorgeous costumes, &c., and the following strong cast: Mons. Donolton, A. D. Bradley; Mons. Didier, Jas. Carden; Viscompte Hector de Champrose, A. H. Davenport; Formichel, M. W. Fiske; Prudent, W. H. Floyd; Polydore, Mrs. W. R. Floyd; Fanfan, Willie Seymour; Francois, C. Hillyard; Clotilde, Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau; Blanche, Lena Prentice; Rose, Mrs. W. H. Leighton; Camille, Sallie Sweatman; Adolphine, Mrs. Nellie Taylor; and Josephine and Julie, Miss M. Holcomb and Miss H. Elliott. Its production has so far proved a decided success; in fact, the greatest of the season. It will be played until further notice, that is to say, as long as it pays. The new drop curtain, by Mr. W. T. Porter, was also displayed for the first time on this occasion, and excited a great deal of admiration. It is certainly a very artistic performance, and worthy of all the praise that can be bestowed upon it.....The deservedly celebrated Lotta commenced a two weeks' engagement at the St. Charles on the 10th inst. She has appeared in a great many of her specialities, such as 'Nan, the Good for Nothing,' 'Andy Blake,' 'Idiot Witness,' 'Governor's Wife,' 'Panchon,' 'Capitola,' &c., in all of which she has drawn crowded houses. The excellence of her performances are too well known to need any comment from me. I shall, therefore, content myself with merely stating that she has delighted and captivated all those who have been to see her.....Manager Labrunie and his French company, lately of the Orleans Theatre, have established themselves at the Olympic, where they will remain until the re-building of their theatre, recently burned down. They gave a performance on the 13th, for their benefit, which was largely attended. .....Mons. Paul Aihaiza, of the Opera House, has now the undisputed possession of the field in the lower part of the city, where he continues to give two entertainments every week with great success.....Otto Hoym, the German tragedian, is at present playing a very profitable engagement at the National, where the German element continues to congregate in large numbers every evening to enjoy a play in their own native language.....The Academy continues as attractive as ever. The talented Zavistowski Family took their benefit on the 14th inst., and a very substantial one it was. To-day a very fine bill is offered to the public for the *matinee* at twelve o'clock, when a large turn out of the fair sex may be expected."

AT THE HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, the great card of the past week has been Augustin Daly's dramatization of "Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy." The leading *roles*, Kate Peyton and Griffith Gaunt, were sustained respectively by Miss Rachel Johnson and Mr. B. Macauley. Our correspondent says:—"Miss L.'s part was given with a power and feeling, together with a *naiveté* that elicited the deepest interest and admiration of the audience. Upon the stage, for beauty of form and feature, in unison with a graceful and dignified deportment, she has but few superiors. As an actress, there is a brilliant future before her. Mr. Macauley's performance was, take it all in all, meritorious, but not truly artistic. A gorgeous spectacular piece is in active preparation for the Christmas holidays. It is claimed that it will rival the famous 'Black Crook.' Max Maretzek's Italian Opera Troupe will appear at the above house during the first week of January."

MISS JEAN HOSMER concluded the last week of her engagement at Leavenworth on the 15th inst., having appeared during the week in the characters of Camille, the Jealous Wife, Evadne, Ion, Mary Tudor and Lucretia Borgia. Her engagement, financially and artistically considered, has been the most successful of any of the profession who have yet appeared before a Leavenworth audience this season, our correspondent informs us:—"Aside from the genuineness of her acting, which is the choice source of her inspiration, she possesses an irresistible bewitchingness which triumphantly awakens admiration and interest. Mr. G. D. Chaplin, the manager, received a complimentary benefit on Monday, 17th inst., tendered him by his company and the leading citizens, as a recognition of merit and a reward for his endeavors, prices on this occasion being placed at $5, $2 50 and $1 per ticket."

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON had a complimentary benefit at the Savannah, Ga., Theatre, on the 14th, tendered her by a number of the citizens of that place.

THE IRWINS, having completed an engagement of six weeks at Brigham Young's Theatre, Great Salt Lake City, opened at the Denver Theatre, Nov. 29th, to an overflowing house, we are told, and friends were delighted to welcome them back from the Pacific coast.

CAPPELL AND EVERHAN'S dramatic forces were in Reading, Pa., last week.

LEVERE'S DRAMATIC FORCES put in one night at Fulton Hall, Pa., on the 28th, with S. W. Glenn as the star.

EMILIE MELVILLE closed her Indianapolis engagement on the 22d inst. She appeared as Olimpia Gigniani, in "Queen of the Abruzzi," on the 19th inst.

THE GHIONI AND SUSINI OPERA TROUPE appeared at Music Hall, New Albany, Ind., last week. The "Barber of Seville" was announced for the 19th, with Adelina Patti (?) as Amina. How are you Patti?

ZOE closed her engagement at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, on the 8th inst. On the occasion of her farewell benefit on the 7th, she was presented by a number of friends with a gold watch, set with nineteen small diamonds; also a handsome necklace. Zoe is at present taking a rest on her farm on Long Island.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, in the Crescent City, is announced to open on or about the 1st proximo, under the regime of Messrs. Southerland and Beamer. The variety company selected for the establishment with great care by Jas. Connor & Co., theatrical agents of this city, sailed in the General Mead, which left this port on the 22d inst. From the reputation which the management have gained, we have no doubt they will cater successfully to the amusement loving public thereaway.

N. C. FORRESTER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY was billed to open in London, C. W., on the 24th inst., for four weeks, and go thence to Toronto, C. W.

FANNY YOUNG, says our Rochester, N. Y., correspondent, "made her first appearance in this city on the 17th, in 'Nan the Good for Nothing.' Miss Young possesses talent of no mean order; her Nan was the best I ever saw. She also appeared as Lady Nancy Bell in the extravaganza 'Rum-ti-foo-zle.' The piece in itself amounts to nothing, but Miss Young infused so much life into it, and did and said so many funny things, that the audience was kept in a roar of laughter from beginning to end. It was repeated on the 18th, preceded by 'Sketches in India,' Miss Young playing Sally Scraggs. On the 19th the 'Serious Family' and 'Rough Diamond' were played, with Miss Young as Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine and Margery. On the 20th 'Sketches in India' was again played, followed by 'Willikins and Hys Dinah,' during which Miss Young executed a sailor's hornpipe in admirable style. She possesses a good voice, and her singing is excellent. On the 21st 'Willikins and Hys Dinah' was repeated, preceded by the 'Dowager;' 22d 'Ben Bolt' and 'Rum-ti-foo-zle' were the bills. The 'Octoroon' is underlined for next (this) week, with new scenery, machinery, &c."

FANNY MORGAN PHELPS commenced a brief engagement at Meadville, Pa., on the 18th, with Delano's Dramatic Company, supported by R. S. Meldrum.

AMY STONE'S SENSATION TROUPE were to open in Springfield, Mass., on the 24th, for eight nights. "Panchon" was to be the initial performance. The balance of the season will be filled with the following pieces: "Pearl of Savoy," "Hidden Hand," "Barefoot," "Serious Family," "Satan in Paris," "Pocahontas," &c.

THEATRICALS IN BROOKLYN the past week, ending Dec. 22d, were dead as dish water, as a general thing. The Park company went through a course of "standard dramas," to very slim houses, the weather being against them, for one thing, and the attractions at the skating ponds for another. There are a class of admirers of the drama who would throng the Park nightly, whether or no, if the company were at all up to the standard of ability of the manageress and her husband; but the "cheap plan" adopted this season in regard to the selection of a company, though it saves the outlay of last year, lessens the receipts in proportion. The new theatrical enterprise of Messrs. Grogan and Hooley is the result of a demand for good dramatic representations, which Mrs. Conway could readily have supplied by surrounding herself with a company competent to give performances worthy the patronage of old theatre goers. The contrast between the crowded houses which greeted the performances of the Conways with Mr. McCollom and Mrs. Bowers to assist them, and the slim attendance which nightly greets the weekly bills presented now, would suffice, we should think, to show Mrs. Conway the necessity of a more liberal outlay in the way of securing excellent support. If such fine performances as those rendered by Stuart's company, with Edwin Booth at its head, won't draw more than two-third houses, how is it to be expected that anything less attractive will succeed? The Brooklynites require things done up in style in the dramatic line, especially when counter attractions, such as the skating ponds afford, have their influence. The opera company gave two performances last week to two-third houses, "Zampa" even failing to draw a crowd. After the holidays things will look up in the dramatic business.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON are spoken of as follows by our correspondent, "Goobo," under date of Dec. 20th:—"Since my last there has been a series of attractions offered by the managers of the different theatres, and the public has, in most cases, not been slow in appreciating them. The boards of the Museum have been occupied by Mr. James Schonberg's dramatization of 'Griffith Gaunt,' and the auditorium was only able to hold part of the persons desirous of seeing the piece. Shewell is made to double his part while in the first he is Mr. of Griffith with Tom Leicester, and the character, and he excellent, as the Pedler he misconceives Miss Clark is only fair as Kate Peyton, but Ryder and Mercy Vint are performed in a better manner. The court scene and the fair are the most attractive features of the piece, and are excellently done—to gether with a May Pole dance, arranged by Mr. Metcalf. The 'Keep of Day' will be produced on the 24th, with Shewell as Harry Kavanagh.....Mr. John Brougham returned to fulfil his engagement at the Boston Theatre, after having been ill for two weeks. Mr. B. appeared in 'Columbus Reconstructed,' which, with its author's genial wit and admirable performance, and an Amazonian march by thirty-six young women dressed very showily, has attracted fair houses. Mr. James Dunn, who made his appearance as King Ferdinand, was well received by his old Boston friends. Mrs. Perry made a charming Columbia, and dressed the part in admirable taste. 'A Bull in a China Shop,' 'David Copperfield,' and the 'Irish Emigrant,' have followed the burlesque. On the 24th, Mr. J. B. Roberts will appear in his version of 'Faust and Marguerite,' as Mephistophiles, and Charles Thorne as Faust.....The Continental has been offering 'Monte Cristo' to but very meagre audiences, probably owing to the withdrawal of E. L. Davenport, who was announced to appear as Dantes, and the very indifferent way it was performed. Miss Myers' very appropriate song and Kitty Blanchard's graceful dance were the only good things in it. Weaver can't play Dantes, nor Allen Mondego, nor Mrs. Perrin, Mercedes; Smith was tolerable as the Abbe Faria, and James Lewis, trusting to the familiar terms on which he is with his audience, and the want of interest in the piece, gagged and mutilated his part of Cadaroose shamefully. The scenery was excellent, and the costumes and mounting brilliant and appropriate. Miss Myers, for her benefit on the 18th, offered 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Lola Montes,' and the popular and pleasing actress and vocalist performed Juliet to an excellent house and a legion of friends. Mrs. Perrin was the Romeo, and quite a good one, while Allen played as Mercutio better than in his wont. W. H. Smith offers 'Town and Country' for his benefit on the 31st. The 'Black Crook,' which was announced for production on the 24th, has been postponed one week.....The Howard, after the departure of the Florences, has devoted two evenings to the benefit of Mrs. Allen and Frank Roche, and the debut of a pupil of Mrs. Vincent's, a Mrs. E. M. Dunham. Helen Western appeared in 'Flowers of the Forest' for Mrs. Allen, and Frank Roche played the Drunkard, and William, in 'Black Eyed Susan,' for himself. Dr. J. S. Jones' new drama entitled 'Capt. Lescar, or the Pilot of Brest,' was produced on the 17th. It abounds in striking tableau and mechanical effects, and is put well upon the stage.....The 'Imp of Darkness' (the 'Black Crook' in pantomime), is excellently brought out at the Theatre Comique, with new dresses, new dancers, new music and new scenery. Mr. Turner, formerly of the Museum, made his first appearance at this house as Pluto, and performed exceedingly well. Maffit and Bartholomew are, as usual, admirable, and Augusta dances away with the admiration of all the audience. It will run until further notice."

LEO HUNGER, who not only looks well as "Mazeppa" but acts the part in a very creditable manner, is, to use an old gag, to put her trust in Providence during the holidays, opening in that smart Rhode Island town on Christmas eve.

THE MARTINETTIS opened at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., to one of the largest audiences that ever filled the walls of a California theatre. Total number of tickets sold, 2,217, amounting to nearly $1,500, which is said to exceed "Arrah Na Pogue" and "The Sheep's Foot."

FANNY B. PRICE AND D. HANCHETT were at the Vicksburg, Miss., Theatre the week ending Dec. 15th.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY WATKINS closed their engagement in Mobile, Ala., under the management of T. W. Davey, on the 15th. On the 14th they took a benefit, appearing in "Smiles and Tears," which is an adaptation from the opera of "Linda di Chamounix," the same that "The Pearl of Savoy" is taken from.

THE TIMES seem to be fruitful for the profession in giving boys to their estate. Last week we announced the *debut* on this terrestrial globe of a young Menken (Mrs. Barkley), and this week we hear of an increase to the family of George Edson, and of a bouncing boy to Mr. and Mrs. George Pauncefort (Bell Divine). We congratulate the above happy ones on the events which have made new acquisitions to the stock company.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., says a correspondent, "is as lively as any town in the country. First, we have a good theatre, a first class concert and varieties, conducted like New York, music halls, a free concert saloon, and the 'Wild Men from Borneo.' So you see that we are an amusement loving people."

MAGGIE MITCHELL and J. W. Collier terminated their performances at the Opera House, Bloomington, Ill., on the 20th of December.

THEATRICALS in Buffalo, N. Y., were at an ebb last week. Our correspondent, "Charley Mayne," says: "Thorne's Opera House, after a brief and inglorious season of two weeks, gave up the ghost on the 17th inst., the valedictory dramatic performance being given on that date for the benefit of Charles T. Smith. The stock company of the Metropolitan Theatre volunteered their services to render the benefit a substantial one. The bill consisted of 'Time Tries All,' 'Honeymoon,' 'Barrack Room,' and '2-4-5-0.' The Bulslays occupy this edifice next (this) week..... The Richings' Opera Troupe are on the verge of departure for 'other fields and pastures new,' their twelve nights' engagement at the Metropolitan terminating on to-morrow night (Dec. 22). During their sojourn, 'Maritana,' 'Daughter of the Regiment,' 'Bohemian Girl,' 'Doctor of Alcantara,' 'La Sonnambula,' 'Fra Diavolo,' 'Rose of Castile,' 'Linda di Chamounix,' 'Martha' and 'Rob Roy,' have been enacted successively. Caroline Richings was the recipient of a benefit on the 19th inst. The veteran, Peter Richings, takes a 'ben' to-morrow evening (Dec. 22), when 'Rob Roy' will be presented. Zoe, the Cuban syph, opens here on January 7th."

AT MILWAUKEE, the Webb Sisters were succeeded on the 17th inst., by Cecile Rush, who has made a good impression by her excellent acting, and were she supported as she deserves to be, would draw very large audiences, our correspondent states. He adds: "Her appearance is decidedly prepossessing; her articulation clear and distinct, her every act and word bespeaking the true actress. She opened with 'East Lynne,' and assumed the dual characters of Lady Isabel and Madame Vine. Throughout the play she enlisted the sympathy of the audience, and faithfully entered into the spirit of the author. The scene with her betrayer, Sir Francis, (although rather tame), was affecting to a high degree, and the death-bed scene was enough to draw tears from the sternest eyes. Mr. Wood as Archibald, and Mr. Franklin as the Earl, were the only parts passably done. Ida Franklin's Barbara Hare was simply a travestie of the *role*; Richard Hare, by Mitchell, was poorly rendered. On the 18th, 'Bianca' was given, with Miss Rush in the title *role*. Mr. Mills gave us a fine representation of the character of 'Fazio.' 'Losh, the Forsaken,' was produced on the 19th, to a good house. Miss Rush is to be tendered a complimentary benefit at the Music Hall, on the 22d. Mr. Mills' company from the interior will be in, and will participate in the performance. Miss Holland has severed her engagement with Manager Mills, and has left for Chicago. I hear she is at Wood's Museum."

THE FLORENCES opened on the 17th at De Bar's, St. Louis, in "The Colleen Bawn," to a crowded house. Owing to a sudden illness, Mrs. Florence did not appear, and the part of Ely O'Connor was taken at short notice by one of the ladies of the stock, who performed her part very creditably. Our correspondent "Parquet," writing on the 20th inst, says: "The piece still keeps the boards, and will probably continue during the week. Billy has been suffering with a large sized 'Job's Comforter' on the back of his neck, but bears it well.....On the 14th Mr. W. E. Sheridan was the recipient of a rousing benefit at the Olympic, on which occasion 'Still Water Runs Deep' and 'Handy Andy' were presented, Mr. Sheridan appearing as Capt. Hawksley in the first, and as Andy in the latter piece. Mr. G. F. De Vere, of De Bar's, was among the volunteers, and both himself and the *beneficiaire* were called before the curtain several times. Gen. U. S. Grant occupied one of the private boxes, and drew the fire from all the opera glasses between the acts. On Monday evening, 17th, Lucille Western opened in 'East Lynne,' which was produced to a full house. The piece is still up, and will remain so until Saturday, 22d.....Third week and continued success at the Museum of 'Cherry and Fair Star.' Some changes have taken place in the cast during the past week. May Howard taking the place of Miss Bailey as Fair Star, and Miss Moore that of Eliza Logan Burt as the fairy sprite. One of the principal attractions here is the mammoth orchestra, under the supervision of Prof. Ben. Vogle, who knows how to swing a bow *a la* Julien. His Orchestra is one of the best in this wild western country, and the selections of music shows the presence of one who has been there and knows how."

THEATRICALS IN PHILADELPHIA have been rather dull since our last. Ristori, who closed at the Academy on the 22d, had "moderate but appreciative audiences," and though the telegraph assured New York editors that on one occasion "she had the largest house ever assembled at the Academy," it may be proper for us to remark that no such large audience has greeted Ristori since she commenced there. The papers are woefully deceived by the manipulations of the wires. ....F. S. Chanfrau did not do very well at the Arch, and closed there on the 22d. This week "Griffith Gaunt" is the play, with Mrs. Drew in the principal female *role*.....Matilda Heron, at the Chestnut, was not rewarded with large audiences, and her brief engagement was brought to a close on the 22d. Domestic affairs will now require the lady to relinquish the stage for the nursery for a short time. She is succeeded at the Chestnut by Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, who were to open on Dec. 24th.....John S. Clarke is doing tolerably well at the Walnut. For the Christmas holidays the "Naiad Queen" is to be revived, with Clark and the entire company in the cast. It will do very well to pull through the festive season.....After a very fair run for Philadelphia, the "Black Crook" was withdrawn from the boards of the American on the 22d. It proved to be quite a success, drawing excellent houses all along. This week the new pantomime is the great attraction.

ADAH INEZ MONTCLAIN, the equestrian actress, is prepared to negotiate with managers for star engagements for herself, and horse Alexander, supported by Andrew S. Newton, the equestrian. Managers wishing the services of Miss Montclain to play horse pieces should address her agent, George Clark, as will be seen in an advertisement elsewhere.

THE RECEIPTS of the different places of amusement in Boston for the month of November, were as follows: Boston Theatre, $27,875; Boston Museum, $14,716; Howard Athenæum, $12,698; Continental Theatre, $11,628; Theatre Comique, $10,092; Morris Brothers' Opera House, $9,687.

Negro Minstrelsy.

OVER IN BROOKLYN, Manager Hooley has been preparing a holiday programme for the entertainment of the patrons of Hooley's Minstrels. Harry Burchard, ventriloquist, will make his first appearance Dec. 24th, in some of his laughable acts and imitations. For the first time this season, the "Burlesque Circus" is to be introduced, and Gassynigger will make an appearance. Those who have not seen the "Shadow Pantomime," must visit Hooley's this week if they wish to see it, as it is to be withdrawn on the 29th.

LLOYD AND BIDAUX'S MINSTRELS have greatly augmented their forces since our last, and expect to have their band completed in a week or so, when they will be ready to take the field once more. Mr. Lloyd may be remembered as the manager of "Lloyd's Minstrels," who performed in this city and elsewhere a few years ago, and whose troupe at that time comprised some of the most talented artists that ever appeared here. We are told that efforts are being made by the managers to make the present organization equally good and attractive.

BURGESS & LA RUE'S MINSTRELS gave an entertainment in Auburn, N. Y., on the 20th. Our correspondent remarks:—"Owing to the severity of the weather a very slim audience assembled to witness the performance, which was deserving of a better house. The trial clog by Messrs. Kanane and West, was excellent; also the stump speech with local hits, which took immensely. This troupe have an excellent brass band under the direction of Mr. Frank Bowles, who is possessed of remarkable musical talent. The ballet, 'Old Friends,' by O. P. Sweet, was well given."

GEORGE KUNKEL, the well known minstrel manager, had a benefit on the 18th inst. at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. Yankee Locke volunteered and appeared in Sam Patch; Alf Burnett gave his humorous specimen of Nasby's peculiarities; Mr. Peal enacted his comical scene of "Magical Illusions," and Julia Yale executed a dance. Two of Mansger Kunkel's performers did a clog dance; the *beneficiaire* sang the "Old Sexton" and R. R. J. Miles appeared in "Dick Turpin."

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS were in Montreal on the 21st, 22d and 23d.

COTTON & MURPHY'S MINSTRELS put in two nights—Dec. 13th and 14th—to full houses, at Colerick's Hall, Fort Wayne, Ind.

HOWARD & BOSO'S MINSTRELS gave two entertainments at Tiffin's Hall, Sedelia, Mo., Dec. 11 and 12. Their programme comprised a very good variety.

OUR MINSTREL and dramatic friends occasionally run against each other in their travels, and, when a town is too small to stand two shows on the same evening, then somebody gets hurt. Such a collision took place at Manchester, N. H., on the 17th. Dupree & Benedict's Minstrels had billed the town for a show that evening, when suddenly Helen Western and her dramatic troupe appeared, and billed the place after Dupree had had his bills up for a week. Well, they both played the same night, there being two halls in the town, and, while the Nigs had a good house, considering the opposition, Helen "had it very light," and the dramatic company feel hurt at the circumstance. Where a collision can be avoided it had better be avoided.

THE OCLESBY BROTHERS, who, it appears by their advertisement, can do a good many things, from dancing to snare drumming, want to be engaged for any first class company.

BURGESS AND LA RUE'S MINSTRELS were at Seneca Falls, N. Y., on the 22d, and were to be at Oswego on the 24th and 26th, and appear in Albany, N. Y., on New Year's evening.

DINGES AND GREEN'S MINSTRELS performed in Akron, Ohio, on the 17th.

SEVERAL CHANGES are about taking place in Seaver's Minstrels, Williamsburgh. Wash Norton leaves there on the 29th inst., and opens with Carncross and Dixey's Minstrels in Philadelphia on January 14. Eph Horn will shortly say *au revoir*, and return to his old stamping ground in Boston with the Morris Brothers. Harry Leslie withdrew last week. Business has been rather light in Williamsburgh of late.

MASTER EDDY, who has already had some experience as a clog-gist and song and dance performer, notifies managers of minstrel and variety troupes that he desires a "sit" to finish learning the biz. See adv.

MANAGERS in need of double clog, song and dance, and general performers, are referred to the advertisement of De Forrest and Davison, elsewhere in this issue.

NEWCOMB AND ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS perform in Providence, R. I., on the 24th, and remain three days.

SHARPLEY & SKIFF'S CONSOLIDATION opened in Erie on the 17th, and were to go thence through the oil regions. They are to be in Cleveland on Dec. 25 for three nights, and Buffalo 28th and 29th.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS vocalize at Providence, R. I., on the 31st inst, and Jan. 1st.

NEWCOMB & ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS put in an appearance in Hudson, N. Y., on Jan. 3d.

CHARLEY PETTENGILL was laid up four days last week with sickness at his father's house.

LEAVITT & CURRAN'S MINSTRELS are billed to appear at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., on the 26th; Derby, 27th; Ansonia 28th; Waterbury, 29th; Windsted, 31st; and Hartford, Jan. 1st.

Circuses.

JACK ROBINSON, who was wounded during a row last summer, while with John Robinson's Circus, in Kentucky, had the ball extracted, last week, from the calf of his leg, and is doing well.

A MONUMENT is to be placed over the remains of John Robinson in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati. The style of the monument is Gothic, and will embody a sculptured representation of the deceased and his favorite steed. The cost of the monument will be, it is said, $10,000. Mr. T. D. Jones is the designer. It will be remembered that Mr. Robinson died in consequence of a wound from a pistol shot, received at the hand of Yeaman while the company was exhibiting in Kentucky.

MESSRS. THAYER & NOYES are very busy perfecting arrangements for the coming season of 1867. Their design having a circus which will surpass in many points anything hitherto presented to the public. Their general outfit and paraphernalia will be entirely new, and manufactured regardless of cost. The wagons will be from the famed manufactory of Mr. Jacob Reich, Philadelphia; the harness from the extensive establishment of Lyman J. Lloyd, Esq., Albany, and the pavillion will be made by Mr. Jas. E. Higgins, New York. The troupe will be selected from the best performers in America, with the superadded attractions of several foreign *artistes* of exalted reputation. With abundant wealth to maintain their acquired position of superiority, Messrs. Thayer & Noyes are determined to spare no expense in making their circus *the* feature of the amusement world next season. Messrs. Thayer & Noyes will be sole proprietors and managers, and their well known capabilities should secure them ample reward.

A BRASS AND STRING BAND, now at Chicago, wants to be engaged to travel with a circus. See Albert Kubick's advertisement in another column.

HAIGHT AND CHAMBERS' CIRCUS was at Houston, Texas, on the 13th inst. The party were to close their peregrinations in that State on the 15th, and return to Louisiana. A correspondent writing on the 18th inst., says: "The members of the company were called upon to attend the solemn offices of a funeral *cortege* to-day, of a brother performer, George Peoples. He died in Houston, this morning, of cholera. We are to re-organize at Mobile next month, adding to our company some ten cages of animals."

Music Halls.

ROBERT BUTLER, comedian, pantomimist and versatile performer, is engaged for a month at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa. For how to address him see advertisement.

HARRY COURTAINE continues to be the leading attraction at the Olympic, San Francisco. He was playing in burlesques. Charlotte Crampton has been added to the company. Joe Murphy is also there. Kathleen O'Neil was announced to make her *debut* on Nov. 19th, in her song of "Kitty from Cork."

HARRY ENDERS' VARIETY COMPANY have possession of the Keystone Opera House, Reading, Pa., the first three nights of the current week. Agnes Sutherland, M'lle Leon, Billy Boyd, Charles Monroe and Dan Howard are in the company.

AT HARMONIAN MUSIC HALL, Wilmington, Del., the following are now performing:—The Misses Nellie Smith, Louisa Edwards, Emma Miles, Ole Bull Myers, Billy Brown, Harry Richmond, Bob Shepard, Ed. Preble, Billy Ward and Billy Carroll, besides whom Manager Road is anxious to get other talent. See advertisement.

THE MELODEON, Harrisburg, Pa., is reported to be meeting with success under J. M. Laurence's management. W. B. Fox put in an appearance last week. The company engaged there consists of Lida White, Tom Boyle, Thos. McIntyre and Chas. Leicester.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, San Francisco, is reported to have succeeded as a music hall under the management of Max Walters. Mrs. Annie Hall and Florence Verner have been added to the company.

FULTON HALL, Lancaster, Pa., has recently been fitted up and decorated in the most approved style, with scenery, dressing rooms, etc., besides which it is located in an amusement patronizing population. It may now be rented for concerts, theatrical performances, etc., as will be seen by advertisement signed H. P. Carson in this issue.

ROSA CELESTE, the tight rope ascensionist, who lately fell from the rope in San Francisco while wheeling Mr. Keanovan, is fast recovering from her injuries. Keanovan was at last advices in a critical condition.

JAMES WYLDE HARDINGE made his *debut* before a Brooklyn audience, at the Athenæum, as a dramatic reader on the 18th inst., to a rather poor assemblage. The programme was a very good one, comprising ten selections from favorite poets, from Shakespeare down to "Miles O'Reilley." The Lieutenant is said to be an agreeable and impressive reader, possessing the advantage of a well modulated and sympathetic voice, and while free from any of the mannerisms of the stage, gives full dramatic effect to his Shakespearean recitations. If it is possible to make dramatic readings a popular form of entertainment, Mr. Hardinge has the ability to command success. He will hold forth at Rahway, N. J., on the 27th inst.

ELLINGER AND FOOTE'S COMBINATION were at Evansville, Ind., on the 17th, 18th and 19th, and were to be at Henderson, Ky., on the 20th, 21st and 22d. They commence the current week at New Albany, Ind., and remain three days. From that point their route ahead is as follows:—Jeffersonville, Ind., 27th and 28th; Frankfort, Ky., 29th and 31st; Lexington, Ky., Jan. 1st, 2d and 3d; Paris, Ky., 4th and 5th; Cincinnati, O., Jan. 7th, for one week; Covington, Ky., 14th and 15th; Newport, Ky., 16th and 17th; Madison, Ind., 18th and 19th; Louisville, Ky., 21st, for one week. Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Russell have left the party, as Mr. Russell has been obliged to go home with congestion of the lungs.

"THE FENIAN PATRIOT," an Irish drama written for the Varieties, Detroit, Mich., was produced at that establishment on the 17th inst., with J. S. Edwards as Daniel O'Conner; Harry Clifford as Tim Murphy; Fannie Archer as Alice Graham; and Jennie Allen as Mary O'Conner. It is said to have been a success. Naomi Porter, Tom Williams and John Murphy made their first appearance on the 17th.

THE OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL, New Orleans, La., is to be opened on the 31st inst. with great *eclat*, we understand, for variety performances, Bob Hart and a Mr. Beamer being the lessees. Pretty waiter girls are to aid and assist in the performances, so we doubt not that the Olympic will become a popular resort for the New Orleanists. Says a correspondent:—"Bob Hart is a lucky man, as he has one of the finest places south of New York, and has succeeded in getting a special act passed by both City Boards, signed by Mayor Monroe, permitting him to introduce the pretty waiter girl system, a privilege which no one hitherto has been able to obtain. As the Crescent City people are great admirers of fair femininee, it is thought that success is a foregone conclusion. Bob's partner has got 'lots of soap,' which will get the mill going in good order from the word go." For further information see the Olympic's programme in another column, by which also it will be seen that opportunity is offered for talent of various descriptions.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.—Lizzie Mullory, a young girl not yet out of her teens, was, on Nov. 10th, taken to the Station House, San Francisco, Cal., charged with associating with persons of improper character. It was decided to send her to the Industrial School, but Jimmy Murphy, the clog dancer, offered to marry her, and, of course, ever afterward prevent her from associating with improper characters. The offer was accepted, and Jimmy Murphy and Lizzie Mullory were married.

AT THE AMERICAN, Buffalo, N. B. Shimer, Johnny Perkins and Johnny Morrissey hold forth.

CARR'S NEW VARIETY THEATRE, Buffalo, will open its portals on the 31st inst. with a large company, prominent among whom are James Wambold, Dave Wilson, Jim Campbell, Frank Wild, Gus Clark, Sig. Antonio, Walsh Antonio, Tillie Antonio, Maggie Antonio, Annie Gibbons, Lizzie Phillips and Billy Allen.

EVA BRENT was announced to commence an engagement at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, on the 17th inst.

KATHLEEN O'NEIL made her *debut* in San Francisco at the Olympic on Nov. 26, and met with a hearty welcome. The *Dramatic Chronicle*, of that city, says:—"She achieved a triumph she may well be proud of. No question was raised as to her ability to please; the public seemed perfectly willing to receive her on the recommendation of the management. Miss O'Neil has quite a pretty, and very expressive face; is *petite* in form and graceful in action. She first sang a song, and was honored with a double *encore*. Her charming vocalization was applauded to the very echo; she really is a charming singer, and as Nelly Brady in the drama of "Peep o' Day Boys," she won all hearts by her natural, easy personation; the musical Irish brogue from her tongue is all powerful in swaying her auditors as the changing caprice of the play demands. Miss O'Neil's engagement bids fair to rival in popularity any previous engagement at this house; she has been adopted as the especial favorite of the Olympic patrons."

AT TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburgh, "Dodging for a Wife" has been going on since our last, combined with a "Female Minstrel Scene," in which a bevy of fair ones make jokes, sing songs and otherwise make their patrons enjoy themselves. Miss Emma Fowler is in the company. "Dame Trot and Her Comical Cat" is the holiday attraction.

Miscellaneous.

A COUPLE OF FAKIRS ON THE HEAT.—A correspondent writing from Chester, Pa., on the 14th inst, says:—"On Thursday, the 6th inst, two persons representing themselves as the 'Hamlin Brothers' came to this town, secured a hall, and gave performances on the evenings of the 8th, 10th and 11th. They got out circulars for a performance on the night of the 12th, but failed to put in an appearance upon that occasion. What is equally forgetful on their part, they forgot to pay their bills before leaving. The elder of the two is a man well built, about 5 ft 9 or 10 in. high, of peculiarly light eye brows and mustaches, and he claimed to be a correspondent of your paper. They owe here for hall, printing and board, in all about $100. Their receipts were ample to have paid all expenses, and allowed them a good margin. That did not appear to be their policy. The smaller brother was about 5 ft 5½ inches, of round build, light complexion, and leaned forward and swung his body in walking. Their performance consisted of what they called an expose of the Davenport boys, allowing themselves to be tied with ropes, and coming out of them without untying, &c., &c. If you can take any steps towards exposing their rascality, and thus prevevent others from being 'stuck' in a like manner, you will do the public much good." [Personally, we are not acquainted with the Hamlin Brothers, but professionally we are. It is but a few weeks since that we had no less than three complaints from correspondents in regard to the operations of these brothers, but did not give them publicity, as we thought they might have been unsuccessful in their business, and as a matter of course could not raise the money to liquidate their bills. Whenever we hear of a company not doing well, and their receipts not meeting with their daily expenses, we are disposed to be lenient towards them, in hopes that they will do right in the end, as we well know the ups and downs of show life. To-day they are in the midst of prosperity, and in a few days, owing to stormy weather, poor show towns, or many other causes too numerous to mention, the effect on the treasury is disastrous, stopping the perambulations of the ghost, and they find themselves so pushed that they have to resort to all kinds of tactics to stave off their current expenses. For all well-meaning companies, we would pity rather than condemn. But the showman who goes through the country meeting with success wherever he goes, and never loses an opportunity of beating the printer, bill poster and hotel proprietors—of which there are many—deserves to be shown up like the Hamlin Brothers and Robert Houdin, alias J. H. Haskell, alias the Fakir of Siva.—ED. CLIP].

EFFECT OF A HUMORIST'S ELOQUENCE.—Mark Twain, the popular humorist, was robbed of $100 and a gold watch, near Virginia City, lately. He subsequently published an eloquent and heart-rending appeal to the robbers, requesting them to return the watch. The appeal had the desired effect, for two days after a package was left at the *Enterprise* office in Virginia City, which, when opened, was found to contain the watch and a note from the robber chief, saying that he was moved to make the restoration by the eloquent appeal of its owner. The following is Mark's "Card to the Highwaymen" above mentioned:—"Last night I lectured in Gold Hill, on the Sandwich Islands. At 10 o'clock I started on foot to Virginia to meet a lot of personal friends who were going to sit up all night with me and start me off in good shape for San Francisco in the morning. This social programme proved my downfall. But for it, I would have remained in Gold Hill. As we 'raised the hill' and straightened up on the 'Divide,' a man just ahead of us (Mac, my agent, and myself), blew an ordinary policeman's whistle, and Mac said, 'Thunder! this is an improvement—they didn't use to keep policemen on the Divide.' I coincided. The infernal whistle was only a signal to you road agents. About half a minute afterwards a small man emerged from some ambuscade or other and crowded close up to me. I was smoking and supposed he wanted a light. But this humorist, instead of asking for a light, thrust a horrible six-shooter in my face, and simply said, 'Stand and deliver.' I said, 'My son, your arguments are powerful—take what I have, but uncock that infamous pistol.' The young man uncocked the pistol (but he requested three other gentlemen to present theirs at my head), and then he took all the money I had (only $20 or $25) and my watch. Then he said to one of his party, 'Beauregard, go through that man'—meaning Mac—and the distinguished rebel did go through Mac. Then the little Captain said, 'Stonewall Jackson, seat these men by the roadside and ride yourself; if they move within five minutes, blow their brains out!' Stonewall said, 'All right, sire.' Then the party (six in number) started toward Virginia and disappeared. Now, I want to say to you road agents as follows: My watch was given me by Judge Sandy Baldwin and Theodore Winters, and I value it above anything else I own. If you will send that to me (to the *Enterprise* office, or to any prominent man in San Francisco) you may keep the money and welcome. You know you got all the money Mac had—and Mac is an orphan—and, besides, the money he had belonging to me. Adieu, my romantic young friends.

"MARK TWAIN."

By later advices, we have received another version of this affair, which goes to show that Mark Twain has been made the victim of a practical joke. While on a lecturing tour in Nevada, several of the boys of Virginia City disguised themselves as highwaymen, and, capturing him on the Divide, relieved him of several hundred dollars (proceeds of his lectures), gold watch, &c. He thought it a stern reality until

AMUSEMENTS.

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Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

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INCLUDING A GIRAFFE, OVER 15 FEET HIGH,
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37 3m*

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TWENTY-FOUR BRILLIANT STARS,
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HARRY FRENCH,	NED KNEELAND,
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CHARLES CHURCH,	DICK THOMPSON,
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Besides the many peculiar features which have made this company so famous, there are now introduced, for the first time, many attractive novelties. Also, new names, new faces, new acts, new dresses, &c., &c.
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Who has handsome Wardrobe, and quick study, wants an engagement with some responsible manager.
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This Hall is new, and a beautiful and well ventilated structure. I have thrown it open to all traveling entertainments on reasonable terms; will seat Fifteen Hundred Persons.
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FIRST CLASS STARS wishing to negotiate for nights will please address CHARLES PLUNKETT,
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Return of J. E. McDONOUGH from Europe, Oct. 6th. During his absence he has added to his repertoire T. P. Cooke's Nautical Prize Drama of
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Also, Dion Boucicault's last Drama, now being performed at the Lyceum, London, entitled
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Added to which the sole right to E. H. House and Dion Boucicault's Drama,
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27-tf Address H. PALMER, Niblo's Garden.

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He is also ready to receive and impart equestrian intelligence to all such as honor him with a call in reference to professional business, without cost. 27-tf

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THE WORLD'S FAVORITE TROUPE,
Just returning from New Orleans and their late Southern Tour.
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From the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans,
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IS THE BEST HALL IN THE CITY.
Stage recently enlarged. Also new scenery and a first class piano. Terms $10 per night, or $50 per week. This Hall never advertised in the Herald. [33-3m*] W. JACKSON.

TO MANAGERS AND THE PROFESSION.
An individual calling herself "The Hope of the American Stage" has lately been performing in Memphis a stolen copy of
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my property by right of purchase from the agent of Dion Boucicault; and I ask of managers (in the absence of her integrity) to respect my personal claim to its representation. I am compelled to make this appeal, if only to awaken a moral obligation we owe to professional courtesy, and discountenance those who can only be restrained by legal process. [33-3t*] T. E. McDONOUGH.

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